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TALE OF A GLOVE.

Unfailing Symptoms of a Severe Case of Love-Sickness.

It was an odor of roses about my nephew that led to the discovery of the glove. Up to his nineteenth birthday, which arrived a month ago, he had gone through life contemptuous of button-holes; and I was a little taken aback about that time when I ran against him at a corner with a Marshal Niel at his breast. He whipped it hurriedly into his pocket, and, being a kindly old gentleman, I pretended not to notice. But my faith in him was profoundly shaken. This was the boy who had refused point-blank to carry a bouquet down the street at a bribe of half a guinea. Soon I learned that he was conveying tasteful little button-holes into the house up his coat sleeve; and he blushed when he was asked about a tumbler in his bed-room. Then his mother found a six-button glove, size five and a half, in his pocket, which none of us could identify. For some days he had only had one glove himself, which he carried spread out in his hand to look like two. We could not think that this was its long-lost companion.

Pending investigations the glove was replaced in Albert's pocket in the nice little piece of tissue-paper which protected it. Then we watched Albert. Hitherto he had a habit of leaving the room when the conversation took a feminine turn, but now a change came over him. He sat on when his mother talked with his aunt over the relative merits of the waterfall back and the Norfolk blouse, and it was observed that though he pretended to be reading his book he was really drinking in the conversation. On one occasion he came out of his shell in a remarkable manner. The two ladies were asking each other what was the other name for the waterfall back, and Albert, carried away by his interest in the discussion, murmured "Redingote." His mother and his aunt looked at him in amazement, which made Albert turn both white and red. Not long afterward it leaked out that he knew what "sailor collars" were, and liked pale-pink ones.

Albert even began to take an interest in his sisters dresses. His sisters are much younger than himself, and there is a story in the family that about the time he was saving up for some coveted little treasurer he would not let them kiss him under six pence each. It was statistical information about his sisters that Albert now asked for in a casual sort of way that did not deceive his relatives. Once he was discovered trying to ascertain for himself how much Gertrude, who is fourteen, measures around the waist. Not being accustomed to those attentions, Gertrude liked them at first; but it was soon borne in upon her—though she was only fourteen—that her brother was experimenting on her for private reasons of his own. Albert was also curious to know what size in boots Gertrude required, and smiled to himself when told. Gertrude, who has known since she was fourteen that she has large feet, did not like this. It must, I think, have been a week after the discovery of the glove in Albert's pocket that he asked his mother, with an artificial yawn, whether five and a half was not a small size in gloves for a lady. Then his mother asked me to go delicately to work and find out what was Albert's condition, and who she was.

I thought I would leave it to Albert to tell me who she was, but I experimented on him to discover his condition. Nothing, I feel, could have been more delicate than the way I set about it. The glove became, so to speak, the means of communication between me and Albert. First, I removed it from his pocket one day when Albert lay dreaming on the couch. I took the tissue paper off and then gently returned the naked glove to its slumbering owner. That evening Albert asked me for the key of the book-case. This is because I have literary leanings and mediate writing a great book when I settle down and have time. Albert, however, so seldom asks for the key to the book-case—indeed, it is rarely to be found when wanted—that I invited his confidence as to what book he required. To my surprise he said "the large Shakespeare." This large Shakespeare is a sore subject with me. It is in so many great volumes that the shelf it rests on frequently gives way. It is also gorgeously illustrated. Albert took away one of the volumes, and I sat pondering what he could want it for. Doubtless Albert's sudden devotion to Shakespeare had something to do with the glove, but where the connection came it was not evident. By and by Albert brought the volume back. When he had gone I looked through it, but could discover nothing. Next morning Albert's mother puzzled me by remarking that she thought that I had taken the tissue paper off the glove. On being asked for an explanation, she said that she had looked to see, and that the glove was still in its wrapper. At this I went straight to the book-case and again took down that volume of Shakespeare. It was as I suspected; Albert had torn out the tissue paper protecting one of the illustrations—the play scene in "Hamlet."

The next experiment I tried was also a simple one. He carried the glove in an inside pocket, over the spot where Albert thought his heart was. Taking advantage of a favorable moment, I got at the coat and changed the glove to another pocket. The next time I had an opportunity of feeling for it, it was back in the old place again. This happened several times; Albert, who is a simple youth for all his cunning, evidently thinking that he had put the glove into the wrong pocket. Then I hazarded a bolder step. Again taking possession of the glove, I dropped it in a corner of the drawing-room.

That evening Albert came back from the office in a perturbed state of mind. I watched him on his knees in the hall looking for something, and when he saw me he pretended to be unlacing his shoes. He wandered from room to room, and was subsequently heard flinging his things about in his bedroom. He said not a word about his loss, however, to any one. Next morning I was surprised to see him bright and cheerful. I went into the drawing-room, and, behold, the glove was gone. From the way in which the unsuspecting Albert was incessantly putting his hand into that inside pocket, I saw that there was once more a five-and-a-half glove in it. I had feared that Albert would treasure it somewhere else now, but no, he evidently thought that he had dropped it in the drawing-room accidentally perhaps after passionately gazing on it in secret.

But the awakening came when I concealed the little glove in a vase on the smoking-room mantelpiece. Albert ran it to earth in a day and a half without saying a word on the subject to anybody, unless possibly the housemaid. When next I felt for it in his pocket it was not there. From that time Albert and I were playing at hide-and-seek. When I was not looking for the glove he was. I found it inside the case of his cricket-bat and dropped it behind the piano. Albert searched it out, and soon afterward I got it under a corner of the carpet in his bedroom. Then I hid it among some music, knowing that Albert would look there last. All this time I did not know if he suspected who it was that was playing with him. I do not know now, for we have never opened our minds on the subject.

Albert did not find the glove among the music. When two days had passed I put it in an easier place, for Albert was bearing his disappointment bravely. Still he did not find it. Next I flung it on the floor of his bedroom, and Albert did not seem to see it. I laid it on his mantlepiece and he let it remain there. At last it struck me to look in Albert's pocket again. There was another glove in it; size six and a quarter, eight buttons.

Then I went to Albert's mother and told her he was cured.

JOHN'S COUNTRY CUSTOMER.

John Harvey had been a clerk in a country store in Vermont since he was fifteen years old, and he was now over twenty. He had been reared and educated by his mother, who was no longer very young when John was born, and consequently entered upon the infirmities of old age when her boy had arrived at the age of manhood. Her husband was long since dead.

John was a handsome country lad, active, obliging and courteous. These qualities attracted the attention of a New York merchant who was spending a summer month in Vermont, and he offered him a situation in his store.

Although John's mother knew how more than lonely she would be without her boy, she felt how valuable this change would prove to him, and gave her consent to his going.

"I know my boy will not forget his mother," she said. "And one thing, my child, let me impress upon you. You will be surrounded by giddy fellow clerks, many who will look with contempt on the humbly-clad people who come to buy, and only serve them with reluctance—perhaps rudeness. Never forget your mother, and that the humblest woman may be somebody's dear old mother. And remember, too, what you have read in the school reader, that 'appearances are often deceiving,' and that a well-filled purse may lie in the pocket of a rusty coat."

That was the mother's advice, and it turned out that John heeded it.

The great iron dry goods shop in Broadway, with its white facade and its counters inside heaped high with marvellously beautiful fabrics, was indeed a change to John, and the richly and astonishingly dressed women in great contrast to the country dames in sunbonnets and gingham gowns that he had been accustomed to serve.

But now and then came customers from the country; there was no mistaking them. Their dresses had a home-made look, and their bonnets utterly lacked the peculiar audacity of city hats. They preferred their requests in a timid way, as if feeling lost and strange, and uncertain if they had any right in so grand a store. The clerks snubbed them or were insolent. But to John the country faces were always pleasant, and he was invariably so noticeably kind to rural customers that his counter very soon became the centre of country custom. His fellow clerks would cry out when there was an appearance of "country cousins."—"Customers for you, Harvey!"

But one day the country women missed the very obliging clerk, and upon inquiry were told that he had been transferred to the cloak department. Very well! one old lady who had a young girl with her, said she wanted to buy a cloak.

So up-stairs they went—a quaint-looking pair that set the clerks in a giggle, and they slyly winked as they sent around the password: "Harvey's friends."

"Good luck to you, Harvey," laughed one. "Now's your chance to get rid of those last year's beaver sacques! Maybe they will go as high as ten dollars."

But if the old lady and her niece had been dowager and princess, they could not have been more courteously treated than they were by John.

"She's somebody's dear old mother, I'll warrant," he said to himself, and then in a pleasant manner he asked the old lady what she would like to see.

"Velvet cloaks," she replied.

John took from the hooks of the wardrobes cloaks varying in price from fifty to three hundred dollars. The clerks kept up their fun at John's expense, but he did not care.

After considerable delay in making up her mind, the old lady said she wanted to see how some furs would look over a velvet cloak valued at two hundred and fifty dollars. John readily gratified her with dressing up a lay figure with the cloak and a four hundred dollar set of furs. After a little his customer said they suited her, and asked how much all would be. John made a feint at counting up the figures, and said it was six hundred and fifty dollars.

"Very well; I will take them," she said, and drawing a rusty pocket-book from her petticoat proceeded to count out the money.

As the bills were mostly fives and tens, they made a noble pile, and as John took them from her hand, he held them purposely so as to exaggerate their appearance and skipped around among the clerks with great gusto.

"Nearly seven hundred dollars from my rural friends," he exelted. "No last year beavers for them, if you please, and the girl is as sweet as the roses and pinks in my mother's garden."

That day's sale was a *coup de bonheur* for John Harvey. It gave him an importance in the eyes of his employers, who increased his salary and placed him at the head of his department.

Two years later he wooed and won the girl "sweet as the pinks and roses," who brought him, beside her sweetness and beauty, a snug little fortune, which seemed all the better from having been accumulated where the pinks and roses bloom. He then returned to Vermont to remain with his mother during her remaining years, not as a clerk in the old country store, but as its owner and proprietor, and which is today, because of its neatness and tasteful ordering, and abundant furnishing, noted the country round as the "best store in the State." The villagers, too, like John's wife, because of her simple and sweet way; and it was her aunt—the old lady herself—who told me the story of John's good fortune, which all grew out of well directed kindness to country people.

Excellent Domestic Wine.

A housewife who makes excellent cherry wine does it after the following formula: Stone and mash the cherries and strain the juice. To one quart of juice add one or one and a half pints of water according to the richness of the juice. Some juice will bear more dilution than others. To every gallon of the mixture add three pounds of sugar. Let stand in an open mouthed jar with musquito netting over it until it ceases to ferment, then bottle and cork.

What Is a Tramp Steamer?

A tramp steamer is one that seeks a cargo wherever it may be found. Some kindhearted people are good enough to call tramps travelers, but the effect would be lost if this gentleness were extended to a steamer.

AS HE HAD LIVED.

THE GRAND WIND-UP OF A MIGHTY HUNTER.

"The Great Spirit Gave Him Life and the Great Spirit Took It Away."

Day has finally broken, and there is a reddening of the eastern sky. The faint flushes deepen, the purple fades to gold, the gold turns to fire and the topmost rim of the sun rises from the plain and burnishes the crags and peaks of the Powder River Mountains as if preparing them for temples of worship.

Five minutes later and a great continent is beamed upon by the full sun of a glorious morning in Indian Summer.

You have seen a grand old horse—almost blind—almost ready to die from old age, rise from his grassy bed of a summer morning? The morn seemed to put new life into him. There is fire in his eyes as he flings his head about and sniffs at the sunshine, and for the moment he is young and strong again.

So on this morn, from his camp in the foot-hills, rises a grand old man, and, as he draws himself up to his full height and faces the glorious east, his eyes grow bright, his muscles quiver, and the strength comes back to every limb. But it is not for long. The sun is scarcely a foot above the plain when the tall form stops, the limbs begin to weaken, and the fire dies out of the eyes and is replaced by a dull stare.

It is the wreck of a man—a mighty hunter and fighter. These plains and mountains and valleys have been his home for a score of years. Face—chest—limbs—every-where about him, are scars of wounds dealt by savage or beast. The going down of the sun has found him alone; the dawn of day has found him solitary. Break a man's heart and he turns from the world and hates vice and virtue alike.

He is old and his strength has waned. Death has been long in coming, but it has drawn night at last. The chill of death drives some men back to the world, to die with tender hands about them. Others defy the grim monster to the last, and they die alone, unwept, uncared for.

"It is my last day on earth!" So says the grand old man as he slowly turns on his heel to look about him. The vision that could once discern a moving buffalo half a score of miles away can now scarcely make out the ragged trees across the little valley. The arms which could have once lifted the most powerful warrior high in air for a dash to death, can now scarcely bring the rifle to an aim. He has run his race and his time has come.

The sun climbs up and up, and the day bursts forth into full strength. The mountains stand out with such ruggedness and grandness as never before. The valleys and hillsides never held the sunshine as to-day. Nature is to give the old man a grand funeral.

And the sun climbs higher, and it is midday.

And how should he die—one whose summers and winters—whose months and years—have been passed in the sunshine of the sterile plains—in the shadows of the rugged mountains—with the growl of the grizzly and the shout of the red warrior in his ears? In the dramas of the stage men die as they have lived; why not in real life?

The old man is ready. Rifle in hand—his grizzly locks half hidden by his fur cap—his strength coming back as if he had been born again, he seats himself upon a great rock and scans the winding valley at his feet. God gives him back his sight once more, and no creeping thing escapes his vision. To the right all is well. To the left—wait He half rises for a better look.

Enemies—warriors!

Have they got the word that to-day is the old man's last day on earth, and are they to sit in front and applaud as the curtain goes down? It is well. That long rifle has sent more than one warrior to his death. That great frame, now so rapidly wasting, bears the scar of bullet and tomahawk and knife.

A dozen warriors—a war party bent on rapine and murder—come galloping swiftly up the valley. The old fighter grows young in years as he watches the advance. The thrill of excitement brought the blood to his cheek—the whisper of danger strings every nerve. Fate has been kind to him; as he has lived so shall he die. Would you have the hero of a score of battles die in his bed, alone and unseen, or in front of his foes, fighting gallantly to the last, and his death applauded even by those who slew him?

Ah! they have caught sight of him. The gaunt figure outlined against the sky is a familiar one. It has been feared for its strength, hated for the destruction it has wrought. Escape is cut off to the right—to the left—in front. The background is rugged hillside, on which the warriors are more at home than the hunter. And so shouts of defiance and exultation fill the air as the warriors dismount and advance.

Make ready now! The drama of life is near its close. The life and strength which excitement brought are beginning to die away. Their shouts come faintly to his ear; there is a blur before his eyes; the hands which hold the rifle tremble with weakness. Death is sweeping up from the valley in its war plumes—death is creeping down from the hillside with swift step but invisible form.

And now the shouts of the warriors are nearer and louder, and their rifles are blazing death at the hunter, and he turns his face to heaven and pleads:

"A few last seconds of strength and sight and I am ready to go."

They are given him—his eyes clear—his form grows erect—he is the grand old fighter once more. Up comes the rifle—up—up—his eye covers the sights—the weapon is held as firm as a rock, and when the red flame leaps out a chief flings up his arms and utters his death cry.

The drama has ended and the curtain has gone down. The warriors creep nearer and nearer. They wonder and are mystified. They finally reach the rock to find the old man lying dead, his face upturned to the sun, whose rising will see him no more. There is no blood—no wound. They gather about him like children about a mystery, and they whisper to each other:

"It was not for us to slay him. The Great Spirit gave him his life, and the Great Spirit took it away!"—*M. Quad.*

Children of the City.

Let any one visit one of our rural districts, for example, of New Jersey, and take notice of the strong, healthy, good natured children he sees upon either hand, and landing at any one of our down town ferries, on his return, let him observe the little, pale, slender, weezel faced youngsters that crowd our sidewalks, looking as if it were an effort requiring all their strength to live, and he will need no argument or strong array of statistics to convince him that something should be done, and that too, at once, toward improving the physical condition of this numerous growing population. Good air, clean water and healthy food, and enough of them, are cheaper in the end than pest houses, infirmaries and insane asylums.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

An Amazing Adventure With a Tiger.

I was in charge of a party making a survey for a railroad line between Nagpoor and Hyderabad, India (said Major White), and as there was no hurry about the work our party was as much a hunting as a surveying party. We numbered about 38 people, ten of whom were white men. Owing to the difficulties of the country we had no saddle horses, but took along six or eight pack animals, and each native also had a pack to bear. The very difficulties in the way of building a line made the country a sportsman's paradise. Twenty years ago there was more wild and savage game to the acre in that district than elsewhere south of Lucknow, but the march of civilization has doubtless driven the big wild game away by this time.

We were traveling along the north branch of the Gadavey River—sometimes upon its bank and again a couple of miles from the water, sometimes travelling five or six miles a day, and again halting for a couple of days to fish or shoot—when a most singular incident befell me individually. I had left camp at an early hour in the morning to fish. While I carried my rifle with me, I had no intention of going out of my way to find game. On the previous afternoon I had observed what seemed to be a capital fishing spot in a bend of the river, and it was to this place I hastened as I left camp. Some of the native servants were astir and saw me set out, but I did not want their services. It was pretty thick jungle between the camp and the bend, but at the bend there was a clear spot an acre in extent, with a heavy forest growth and a ledge of rocks for a background. As I took a look around before sitting down on the bank to my sport I remarked that it was a good spot for wild beasts, but as there was nothing moving I went right to work with my fishing tackle. Catching a frog for bait, I flung in the hook, and it wasn't five minutes before I was meeting with such luck that all thoughts of tigers, snakes, and hyenas were driven out of my mind.

I had landed half a dozen good-sized fish, and was just then playing a larger one; when a slight noise startled me, and I looked around to see such a sight as has seldom come to the eyes of a sportsman. A full-grown tiger was within five feet of me, playing with one of the fish. It was the last fish pulled out, and in its dying agonies it was jumping about on the grass. Every time it moved the tiger would reach out a paw in a playful way, and once or twice he struck hard enough to move the fish three or four feet. I tell you I was a badly frightened man, and all I could do was to sit there with mouth and eyes open. The tiger had crept down from the bluffs, and why he hadn't attacked me was a mystery. He went from fish to fish, turning them over with his paw, and time and again brushing me with his tail as he moved about. My rifle was ten feet away, leaning against a bush, and I might have been idiot enough to try to reach it but for a warning. My personal servant had followed me, to see what luck I had. He came into the neighborhood while the tiger was playing with the fish, and, softly climbing a tree, he uttered the call of a bird to attract my attention, and then sang out:

"Do nothing to provoke the tiger, master. He is a *hiloowde*, and if you do not cross him he will go away."

He meant that the spirit of a good native had been transformed, and it was clearly the common-sense way to follow his advice. As the beast gave me no attention, I turned to the fish tugging at my line and landed him. He was of good size and full of vitality, and the tiger waited in a playful way until I removed the hook and threw the fish on the grass. Then he sprang for it as a kitten would for a ball of yarn, and he played with it in the same way. It was laughable, in spite of the circumstances, to witness his actions. He would run around in circles, as you have seen a young dog do, sometimes almost leaping over me, and then again he would become the cat and creep softly forward to bounce upon one of the fish. Each one as caught was flung to him, and it was a full half hour before he grew tired of the sport. I expected he would turn to me sooner or later, but the native saw the change of demeanor first and called:

"Master, the *hiloowdee* is going to play with you! Be as clay in his power."

The tiger suddenly left the last fish landed, and came stalking up to me, purring like a cat and acting very playful. His first move was to worm his head under my left arm, and, I'm telling you the solemn truth when I say that I smoothed down his fur as if he had been a favorite dog. I had on a big straw hat, and this he got hold of in his teeth, and played with for ten minutes, or until he had torn it all to pieces. I had no more bait to fish with, and drew in the line, and sat there waiting for the tiger's next move. When he had finished the hat, he came over and rubbed against me, and purred in a pleased way, and I rubbed him with my hand from nose to tail. I gradualy got over my scare, but was yet very anxious to know how the affair would end. The sun was getting well up and very hot, and the beast would soon be seeking his lair. In about thirty minutes from the time he appeared the tiger began to show a change of demeanor. He acted nervous and uneasy, and the hair on his back stood up at intervals. I judged that he had got the scent of my servant, and such proved to be the case.

I dared not rise to my feet, but I made up my mind that if the tiger attacked me I should make a spring off the bank into the river. It was infested with crocodiles, but there was not much choice between being eaten by beast or saurian. Once the tiger glared at me and growled, but next moment whined as if afraid, and edged up toward me as if for protection. The servant had been keeping a watchful eye on my strange playmate, and he now believed the time had come for decisive action. He therefore fired his pistol and shouted at the top of his voice. The effect was immediate. The beast dropped his tail, uttered a long-drawn whine, and with a sort of farewell glance at me he bolted for the forest and disappeared. I had looked him over pretty well, and had noticed, among other things, that he had a broken claw on the right paw.

We did not break camp that day. Just before sunset, as we sat in groups smoking our pipes, a tiger charged boldly in among the servants and seized one and attempted to make off. We rallied to prevent, and the beast knocked two other men over before he was despatched. When we came to examine the body I had not the slightest difficulty in identifying it as that oy my playmate of the morning.

THE CITY of New York will soon be lighted throughout by electricity. Contracts covering all streets were let last week. The lowest price named was about 20 cents per lamp per night.

THE OLDEST pair of twins reported this season are Mrs. Hepsibah Everett and Mrs. Sally Cole, of Dedham, Mass., who were 90 years old last May. Their sister, Mrs. Nabby Smith, of the same place, is 95.

A STAMPEDE.

Did you ever see a stampede of buffaloes? No! Well, the man who has seen one, and lived to tell of it, has witnessed a spectacle to be vividly remembered all his days.

A stampede was a common occurrence in the life of every western hunter twenty years ago; but no one will ever look upon one again. The hide hunters have not left a score of the animals alive.

What creates a stampede? Nothing—anything. While the buffalo is born in a wild state, and ought to get accustomed to storms, the sight of wolves, and all kinds of noises, he is the most timid animal on earth. I have seen the coming up of a dark cloud stampede ten thousand buffaloes. I have known the howl of a wolf to set a big herd in motion. A flash of lightning or a clap of thunder seemed to scare them half to death, although you would argue that they would get used to it. And once started nothing but a mountain could turn the great wave aside and only exhaustion would bring them back to their senses. After a herd had fairly started, terror seemed to take complete possession of them, and it was the devil seize the last one. Then it was woe to the pioneer or hunter who happened to be in their path without a grove to shelter them.

I saw, in 1867, on the Loup Fork of the Platte River, an emigrant camp which had been run over by a stampede. There had been seven wagons and 24 people, with about 30 head of horses and cattle. The rushing, terror-stricken herd struck the camp just at daybreak and was 15 or 20 minutes passing. Only one human being escaped—a man who was carried off on the back of a buffalo, and left at a spot 10 miles away. Not an animal was left, not a vehicle escaped destruction. I saw the site of the camp about noon of that day, and there wasn't a piece of any of the heavy wagons which I could not have carried off under my arm. The people had been tramped into the earth—annihilated—wiped out. The remains could scarcely be recognized as those of human beings.

But as to my own adventure. There were four hunters of us in the locality spoken of, killing various kinds of game and doing a little trapping, and though plenty of redskins were in that country, they did not get on to us for a week. We had a camp on a small run or creek, with a grove of about a dozen trees for shelter, and about two miles to the north was a spring and another grove.

The indians hadn't got hold of Winchesters and knew nothing of revolvers in those days, and a war party of less than 25 would have hesitated to attack four hunters. We kept our eyes open, however, and one was on the watch while the other three slept. We had been in camp nine or ten days, and constantly surrounded by buffaloes, when, one afternoon, just before sunset, it was apparent from the actions of the animals that something was in the wind. The detachments were consolidating, all stray bulls joining the herds, and almost every buffalo ceased feeding and acted anxiously and ill at ease.

That meant indians. Curious as you may think it, the presence of an indian will disturb the buffaloes sooner than that of the white man. We couldn't say whether it was a war party hanging around to attack us, or a hunting party hovering on the flanks of the great herd, but we made all preparations that night to defend ourselves.

I have spoken of the second grove. It was composed of a few stunted cotton-woods, and was in no sense a shelter. Now this is what happened during the night. A war party of about 35 Indians took up their position in this little grove, calculating to sweep down on us at daybreak and carry our camp by storm. Along toward daylight they mounted and rode softly down to within a quarter of a mile of us, and there waited for day to break. They would be observed by the sentinel, but would make a rush and carry the camp. Well, it was just coming day, and five minutes more would have discovered them to the sentinel, when the big herd, which had been gathering to the north of us, began a stampede. The sentinel heard them at the first start off, and roused us up, and by the time we had our guns in hand we could see the indian war party. They knew what was up better than we did, but they were caught between two fires, and the chief was too slow-witted for the occasion. His policy should have been to charge us. He might have lost six or eight men, but the shelter of the grove would have saved the rest and given them our scalps to boot. He might not have known our strength, and so, after spending the valuable minutes in reflection, he ordered the party off to the left. The only hope they could have was in riding across the face of the herd, but that was out of the question. The front covered, as we afterward knew a distance of seven miles, and the indians had barely got started when the first buffaloes were in sight.

They came thicker than bees, their heads down, horns rubbing, and feet making a great clatter, and while we looked we saw the war party swallowed up in that great heaving sea of animal life. A moment later an old bull dashed into and through the grove, and every man sprang for a tree. As I was climbing up my feet struck a buffalo on the back, and before I was secure only the five largest trees in the grove were standing. All others had been uprooted by contact, and three crippled animals were lying on the ground beneath me. Our horses, camp, everything, went in two minutes. The noise was 10 times more deafening than a hurricane at sea, and the terror of the animals was something appalling.

I have told you that the front of the herd was seven miles across. You can judge what the depth must have been when I tell you that they were three hours in passing. Every animal was running for his life, and his pace could not have been less than 10 miles an hour. I shouldn't hesitate to make affidavit that the herd was a good 30 miles deep. The animals ran, as we afterward knew, fully 40 miles before they slowed down at all. When the last one had passed us the country about us was a sight to behold. There were at least 150 dead or crippled animals in sight, and there was a swath seven miles wide, which had cut the very life out of the prairie. Of all our camp equipage we could not find one solitary article of wood, or iron, or leather. All our horses had been trampled under within less than a mile of the grove, and their bodies were sights no one could look at twice. We spread out to see what fate had befallen the Indians, and we did not have to go far. They had been knocked down and stamped into the earth. A member of the same tribe, with whom I talked a year later, told me that not one survived, and the loss had almost demoralized the tribe.

WE praise the dramatic poet who possesses the art of drawing tears—a talent which he has in common with the meanest onion.

LADY—"What is the matter with the baby?"

Little Sister—"Oh' nothin' much; he's only hatchin' teeth."

SPANISH FUNERALS.

Queer Scenes in the Burial of the Old and Young.

I will describe two funerals, says a correspondent of the London *Referee*, that I witnessed in one day at the great cemetery at Seville. Four little barefooted boys arrive at the cemetery gates. Between them they carry a little blue and white coffin. They jog along, chatting and laughing, up the long avenue of trees. Presently they see something which attracts their attention—a bird in a tree. Down they drop the coffin by the roadside, and off they scamper across the grass to the tree. They pick up stones and begin to throw at the bird, in the process they quarrel about something, and two of the boys have a fight.

In the meantime the coffin lies in the roadway. I walk up to it, and through the glass set into the lid I see the dead child's face. It had been dead perhaps 12 hours, so the features are unchanged, and it appears to be calmly sleeping. Several people pass me; no one takes any notice of the coffin on the road. One old gentleman nearly tumbles over it and swears. It is evidently nothing unusual.

Presently these ragged boys have arranged their little differences, return and pick up the coffin. Two of them have lighted cigarettes. They carry their burden right across the cemetery to a little house, where two or three men with brass numbers on their caps are smoking cigarettes. Here they show a paper, and one of the men, picking up a spade, tells the boys to follow him. Off they go, jogging the coffin now this way now that, and I follow them.

We come to a long line of brick vaults. Some are empty; some are filled up to the top with what I presume to be mold. The grave digger turns over the loose earth with his spade, and strikes a coffin here and there. It is too full. He moves on to another bricked square, pushes his spade in, and says there is just room. He digs a little hole and lays the coffin flush with the top of the brick work. Then he throws a few spadefuls of earth from a mound close by, and the ceremony is over. There are thousands of these bricked squares in the cemetery and each contains a score of coffins. There is no stone over the top, only the loose brown earth. Some of them are so full that the earth has to be piled up to cover the coffin and thus the coffin is actually above ground.

The next funeral arrived as I was leaving the cemetery. A car, driven by a man smoking a cigarette, came up. It was followed by a cab, from which alighted an old gentleman, also smoking a cigarette. The car pulled up at the gate of the "depository," a little house in the grounds arranged for the reception of the people who have died too late to be buried that day. The guardian of the house, cigarette in mouth, flings open the doors, speaks to the gentleman, and then calls some one to come. A man with a cigarette in his mouth now approaches. He and the car-driver lift out the coffin and carry it into the house and lay it on the trestles. They then light a candle at the head and foot, and come out and shut the door.

On drives the car, the man lighting another cigarette, and the gentleman to whom the corpse belongs strolls across the cemetery with the grave-digger to choose "his place." The grave-digger turns up a little earth in one brick square and then in another. "Too full," says the gentleman, puffing his cigarette. He goes from square to square and pokes at the loose earth with his cane. At last he settles on a square which is only half full. "That will do," he says, and then he returns to his cab and drives away.

Marvelous Horsemanship.

A St. Petersburg correspondent, writing to the London *Standard* says:

"This morning I witnessed a wonderful display of horsemanship. It took place in the Petroffsky Park. Here, in the presence of the Grand Duke Nicholas, and most of the foreign officers and guests, the regiment of Cossack Guards went through an extraordinary series of exercises which threw the most daring feats of the circus in the shade. The entire regiment passed at full gallop, in loose order, with many of the men standing upright in their saddles, others upon their heads with legs in the air, many leaping upon the ground and then into the saddle again at full speed, some springing over their horse's heads, and picking up stones from the ground, and yet regaining their seat. While performing these feats all were brandishing their sabres and firing pistols, throwing their carbines into the air and catching them again, and yelling like maniacs. Some men went past in pairs, standing with a leg on each other's horses—one wild fellow carried off another dressed as a woman. The effect of the scene was absolutely bewildering, and it seemed as if the whole regiment had gone mad. Upon a signal being given, the regiment divided into two parts. One rode off; then halted and made their horses lie down on the ground beside them, waiting as in war the approach of the enemy. The other section of the regiment then charged down, and in an instant every horse was on his feet, every rider in his saddle, and with a wide yell they rode at their supposed enemy. When the manœuvres were over the regiment rode past singing, and uncommonly well together, a military chorus. Altogether, it was a marvelous exhibition of daring horsemanship, and one hardly knew whether to admire the docility and mettle of the steeds or the skill and courage of the riders. All the foreign officers and guests were no less astonished than delighted."

A Queer Pardon Story.

Queer things happen in this pardon business. Historian L. B. B. Proctor, author of "Bench and Bar" and several other standard works, was telling me the other day of a peculiar pardon case under Governor Seward. Mr. Proctor was a student in Governer Seward's law office in Auburn when Judge Samuel Blatchford was a partner of Seward. A man and his wife had been convicted of a crime, and both were sent to State Prison. He was sent to Auburn, and she was serving a term in Sing Sing. Sympathy had been aroused for the woman, and a petition signed by many influential names was presented to Governor Seward for her pardon. After mature consideration he decided to grant it, and on his way to New York one day stopped at Sing Sing and delivered the pardon papers himself—an unusual thing. The woman's name was Frances and her husband's name was Francis. She was handed the pardon and walked out. Seeing that the masculine form "Francis," appeared in the pardon, she took a train at once for Auburn and presented the pardon to the Warden, with the statement that she had just been pardoned by Governor Seward, and been allowed to bring her husband's pardon in person. The Warden looked at it. It called for the release of the man, and he was brought out, handed the pardon, and allowed to go free. When Governor Seward found out the mistake he thought it better to say nothing about it, and the prisoner was never returned.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

FRIDAY, - - - NOV. 4, 1887.

DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.

FOR JUDGE OF THE SUPREME COURT:
J. ROSS THOMPSON, of Erie county.

FOR STATE TREASURER:
B. J. McGRANN, of Lancaster county.

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY TICKET.

FOR TREASURER:
THOMAS E. HOWE, Cambria.

FOR COMMISSIONERS:
JOHN KIRBY, Johnstown.
JOHN CAMPBELL, Conemaugh.

FOR POOR HOUSE DIRECTOR.
GEORGE W. EASLY, Johnstown.

FOR AUDITORS.
J. W. GRIFFIN, Munster Twp.
LOUIS ROLAND, Johnstown.

THE nomination of J. Ross Thompson for Judge of the Supreme Court and of Bernard J. McGrann for State Treasurer, sought the men and not the man the nominations.

JENNY LIND (Madame Goldschmidt), the celebrated Swedish singer, died in London on Wednesday last after a protracted illness. She was in her 67th year. In 1850 she visited this country under an engagement with P. T. Barnum for a concert tour extending through the United States, the British Provinces, Mexico and the West Indies.

AT the elections on next Tuesday the following named States will each elect a Governor, State officers and members of the Legislature: Massachusetts, Maryland, Ohio and Iowa. State officers and a Legislature will be elected in New York and a Legislature in New Jersey and Virginia; Pennsylvania will elect a Judge of the Supreme Court and a State Treasurer. One member of congress will be elected in Rhode Island, two in New York and one in Louisiana, all to fill vacancies. Nebraska will elect a Supreme Court Judge and two Regents of the State University and Oregon will vote on three proposed amendments to her State Constitution.

IT was announced early last week that Benjamin F. Butler had published a letter endorsing General Lovering, the Democratic candidate for Governor of Massachusetts. Lovering is a good man and a strong candidate and his friends have been claiming that the prospects of his election were wonderfully bright. Assuming this to be true we are afraid that the advocacy of his election by such a notorious marplot as Butler will prove as fatal to Lovering as the last straw that was placed upon the camel's back. The Democratic nominee, of course, is acquainted with Ben's erratic political career and has a right to exclaim, "save me from my friends."

THE New York Court of Appeals heard the argument on the motion for a new trial in the Jacob Sharp case at the close of last week. After its conclusion the court adjourned for four weeks, at the expiration of which time a decision will be announced. The general belief is that a new trial will be refused. It takes a long time to get this wealthy old scoundrel into the penitentiary, but in spite of the law's delay we regard it as very certain that he will land there yet, if justice in New York is not entirely played out. "Plate sin with gold," as in Sharp's case and countless others like it, and it seems almost impossible to put a criminal where the law directs he shall go, until from lapse of time his offence is nearly forgotten.

WE trust that the Democrats of Carroll, Allegheny and Clearfield townships, will show on Tuesday next what they can do when they try, towards polling a full Democratic vote in an off year. If any candidate on the county ticket is in any danger of being defeated, a result which we do not regard as even probable, the Democrats of the three townships named can put the result beyond the shadow of a doubt. This can be done in only one way and that is by polling a full Democratic vote or as nearly so as possible. Even though the campaign is devoid of excitement that is no reason why every Democrat should not go to the election. Carroll, Allegheny and Clearfield ought to be ambitious to sustain their well earned reputation in former campaigns. It is a proud record and every Democrat who lives within their respective boundaries should see to it that it is not lowered next Tuesday.

ONE after another some prominent Republican is putting himself on record as a willing endorser of President Cleveland's sterling worth and integrity of character. The latest and most significant instance is that of Samuel F. Miller, of Iowa, one of the Associate Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, who is regarded as the ablest member of that body. At the recent Grand Army banquet at St. Louis Judge Miller responded to the toast, "The President." Referring to Mr. Cleveland he said:

"I did not approve of his election as President of the United States. I should vote to-morrow, if I had the opportunity, for a man of different politics, but I have the courage, and I say in the presence of this meeting of the Grand Army of the Republic, that Grover Cleveland is an honest man, a pure man, to whose skirts no corruption belongs, and who intends to do right, according to the best lights that God has given him. I therefore say it is one of the greatest elections of the American people, of the patriotic people, of the people who love the country, and that whatever may be your differences of opinion in regard to any acts he may have done, any opinions that he may have entertained, any views that he now proposes, you are to give him credit for honesty of purpose, for good intentions, and to remember that he occupies the place with honor which Washington held, which Jefferson held, which Grant has held, which Lincoln has held."

THE argument before the Supreme Court of the United States for a writ of error in the case of the Chicago Anarchists, was begun on yesterday week and concluded on Friday afternoon. Congressman John Randolph Tucker, of Virginia, and Benjamin F. Butler addressed the court in favor of granting the writ, and Mr. Hunt, the Attorney General of Illinois, and Mr. Grinnell, the State's Attorney, who conducted the prosecution against the Anarchists, spoke in opposition to it. No decision of the motion was made by the Court on Saturday, and on Monday Chief Justice Waite announced that the question would be disposed of either on Wednesday or on yesterday. If the opinion was not delivered until yesterday we will not be able to announce it before our next week's issue. The belief among the lawyers who heard the arguments is that the writ will be denied. In that event a strong appeal will be made by the friends of the condemned men to the Governor of Illinois to commute their sentences into imprisonment for life, a power which the Constitution of that State confers upon him. Three of the defendants, however, Engel, Lingg and Fischer, have this week addressed letters to Governor Oglesby absolutely refusing any commutation of sentence short of liberty, and declaring their unabated faith in the principles of anarchy. In this connection it may be stated that Rudolph Schnaubelt, an outspoken Anarchist, was believed by the police to be the man who threw the fatal bomb. He left Chicago immediately and went to Germany, his native country. Schnaubelt's mother arrived in Chicago from Germany on Saturday last, with a written confession from her son giving the details of the massacre and the names of the conspirators, in which he wholly exonerates Schwab, Fielden Parsons and Fischer. The Chicago authorities do not attach any importance to this document for the reason that Schwab, one of the four declared to be innocent, is Schnaubelt's own brother-in-law.

P. S.—On Wednesday Chief Justice Waite read the decision of the Court which is quite lengthy, and in which the writ of error is denied.

THE politics of New York city as well as of the State are more beautifully mixed this year than they ever have been before. There are six, if not seven State tickets in the field, and in the city each of these parties has its own ticket for municipal officers, as well as for State Senators and members of Assembly. The same state of affairs exists in most of the other cities and also in some of the counties. The Democrats have two difficulties to contend with in the city upon whose vote the result in the State always depends. One of them, and the most serious, is the candidacy of Henry George, the United Labor candidate for Secretary of State, who is backed up by Dr. McGlynn. What the vote of George will be in the city no man can tell. He claims 90,000 while the Democrats estimate it at only half that number. Whatever it may be it will affect the Democratic vote at least twice as much as it will the Republican vote, and to that extent will injure the Democratic State ticket. Another difficulty grows out of the election of district Attorney. Nicoll and Fellows, both Democrats, are assistant District Attorneys to Mr. Martine, who is now the Democratic nominee for Judge of the General Sessions. Nicoll ought to have been nominated to succeed Martine, but as the "boss" of the "County Democracy" didn't want him and wouldn't have him, he was defeated, and Fellows was made the nominee. The Republicans then nominated Nicoll and endorsed Martine for Judge. Nicoll has a strong Democratic following, owing to the fact that he convicted the bribed Aldermen as well as Jake Sharp who bought them. The struggle between the friends of Nicoll and Fellows has grown very exciting and the danger to the Democratic State ticket is that the Democrats who are supporting Nicoll will sacrifice the State ticket for votes for their favorite. If, however, the State ticket is defeated, for the two reasons we have named, it does not follow by any means that Cleveland will not carry the State next year. His "luck" negatives any such conclusion.

THE following extract is an eloquent sermon on the hard times with which the miners of anthracite coal are compelled to struggle in the Lehigh region: The Lehigh miner is generally compelled to deal in his employer's store; he must patronize the company's doctor by paying him a royalty of seventy-five cents per month if married, and, if single, fifty cents per month. Though the married man pays seventy-five cents per month to the doctor whether his services are needed or not, if a child is born to him he must pay from $5 to $8 extra. If the mother needs a stimulant it is charged extra. Rents are from $4 to $5.75 per month. The miner pays $2 per month for coal, whether he uses it or not, and must pay as high as sixty-five cents for hauling it when the team is used. The company store goods are as high in proportion as their mine supplies, which are outrageously exorbitant, and last, but not least, the miner is unable to make a respectable living, and when he reaches a certain limit of indebtedness the companies refuse even to furnish him with the necessaries of life by shutting down his accounts until he pays his full bill. It has been stated by Mr. Pardee, say these committee men, in an interview with a reporter, that there are 21,000 men out on strike, and that those 21,000 were losing $20,000 a day, which is a tacit acknowledgement from high authority that the average of wages paid is less than $1 a day—a fact in itself which shows that the men were not receiving adequate compensation for their labor.

THE petition to the governor of Kansas for clemency in the case of the druggist's clerk who was sentenced to 17 years' imprisonment and $20,000 fine for selling liquor was successful, and the term has been reduced to six months. The sentence was wickedly severe, but a natural outcropping of the spirit that proposes the prohibition code.

The Democracy and the Republic.

The belief that the Democratic party was incapable of conducting the national Administration, and that the restoration of the Democrats to power meant incapacity in the departments of the Government, financial embarrassment and business ruin, was entertained by many persons throughout the country prior to Mr Cleveland's election. Of course it was absurd prejudice. It only needed the inauguration of any respectable Democratic President to set it at rest forever. Yet a little study of history ought to have prevented any man of ordinary intelligence from falling into error.

Leaving out Washington's two terms, and commencing with John Adams, in 1797, there were sixteen Presidential terms down to 1861, when Lincoln was inaugurated. Of these sixteen terms twelve had been filled by Democratic and four by Federal or Whig Presidents. Thus the Democracy had been in control of the Federal Government for forty-eight years and the opposition for sixteen years between 1797 and 1861. In 1797 there were sixteen States in the Union; in 1861, when Buchanan retired, there were thirty-four States. Up to 1861, every State added since 1797 came into the Union under Democratic Administrations except Florida, which was admitted the day previous to President Tyler's retirement, and California, which came in under President Filmore. The Louisiana purchase was made during Jefferson's Administration. The war of 1812 with England was fought to a success, and the treaty of peace signed at Ghent, while Madison was President. The treaty for the cession of Florida was ratified under Monroe. The independence of Texas was acknowledged under Jackson and Van Buren. New Mexico was annexed and the war with Mexico declared and carried to a successful issue under President Polk.

Probably the blunders of Democratic leaders in the North during the war, as well as the long continuance of the Republicans in power, contributed to make the growing generation distrustful of the Democratic party. Yet the historical facts we have stated ought to have prevented the prevalance of such a prejudice against a party so closely identified with the progress and glory of the Republic. Indeed, at the close of President Cleveland's term, in 1889, excluding President Washington, who can be claimed by no party, the Democrats will have held control of the Government for fifty-two years, and the opposition, Federal, Whig and Republican, for forty years. And yet this is a great country.—*N. Y. World.*

Charleston's Gala Week.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Oct. 31—Charleston's grand gala week in commemoration of the city's complete recovery from the effects of the disastrous earthquake of Aug. 31, 1886, has begun. The city is dressed in all the pomp and pageantry of a week that comes but once a year, and in a year that has come but once in all its history. Banners and streamers float on every side. Triumphal arches have been gayly decorated, and, beautiful as they are by day, the night, with electric and gas light, invests them with a novel and picturesque charm that must be seen to be appreciated. After dark the city was ablaze with the mellow light of myriads of Chinese lanterns and the city aglow with a radiance more gaudy than that of the prosaic sun.

Practically there will be no night here this week, and all on account of the fact that even six days of twenty-four hours each may be found too limited for all the things—refreshing and fantastic—comprised in the programme of gala week. Thousands of visitors have arrived to-day. They were welcomed first by the silvery chimes of St. Michael's and thereafter by everybody in Charleston.

The chief amusements to-day were an amusing display of Chinese and Japanese fireworks, at 4 o'clock, P. M.; boat-races on the lake, in which a whole fleet participated, a tub-race, a donkey-race, in which the animals were double-back-action thoroughbred flyers from the heel outwards; marine sham battles between select squadrons of frigates, with Roman-candle artillery, and a procession of boats blazing with lights of myriad hues. After these features came the opera at the Academy of Music. There will be no lack of music in Charleston this week. There are a half dozen or more brass bands in the city. In addition to these it is expected that the band contest will draw competitors from a number of the interior towns. Besides all these, there are three or four travelling brass bands now in the city, and the Gala Week Committee proposes to utilize them in the processions.

It cheers every heart in Charleston to see the cordiality with which the people of South Carolina and adjoining States have entered into the spirit of this occasion. They gladly recognize in it an additional evidence of Charleston's strength, hopefulness and accomplishment. The weather has been somewhat discouraging, but everybody is cheerful.

Thanksgiving Day Named.

WASHINGTON, October 25.—The following proclamation was issued late this afternoon:

By the President of the United States.

The goodness and the mercy of God which have followed the American people during all the days of the past year claim their grateful recognition and humble acknowledgement. By his omnipotent power He has protected us from war and pestilence, and from every national calamity. By His gracious favor the earth has yielded a generous return to the labor of the husbandman, and every path of honest toil has led to comfort and contentment. By his loving kindness the hearts of our people have been replenished with fraternal sentiment and patriotic endeavor, and by his unerring guidance we have been directed in the way of national prosperity.

To the end that we may, with one accord, testify our gratitude for all these blessings, I, Grover Cleveland, President of the United States, do hereby designate and set apart Thursday, the twenty-fourth day of November next, as a day of thanksgiving and prayer, to be observed by all the people of the land.

On that day let all secular work and employment be suspended and let our people assemble in their accustomed places of worship and with prayer and songs of praise give thanks to our Heavenly Father for all that He has done for us, while we humbly implore the forgiveness of our sins and a continuance of His mercy.

Let families and kindred be reunited on that day and let their hearts, filled with kindly cheer and affectionate reminiscence, be turned in thankfulness to the source of all their pleasures and the Giver of all that makes the day glad and joyous.

And in the midst of our worship and happiness let us remember the poor, the needy and the unfortunate, and by our gifts of charity and ready benevolence let us increase the number of those who with grateful hearts shall join in our thanksgiving.

In witness whereof, I have set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be hereunto affixed.

Done at the city of Washington this twenty-fifth day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-seven and of the independence of the United States the one hundred and twelfth.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

By the President:
THOMAS F. BAYARD, Secretary of State.

Hay Fever.

For twenty-five years I have been severely afflicted with hay fever. While I was suffering intensely I was induced, through Mr. Tichenor's testimonial, to try Ely's Cream Balm. The effect was marvelous. It enabled me to perform my pastoral duties without the slightest inconvenience, and I have escaped a return attack. I pronounce Ely's Cream Balm a cure for hay fever.—Wm. T. Carr, Presbyterian Pastor, Elizabeth, N. J.

The State and the Combinations.

The anthracite coal companies are reported to have appealed to the Governor to authorize the appointment of special police to protect their property during the strike. Property should be protected, no matter how much public opinion may disapprove of the course of the companies. But it is being very plainly pointed out, even by journals which are usually friendly to the corporations, that the practice of furnishing that protection, by private detectives under the pay of the corporations and yet armed with the authority of the State, cannot be permitted to go much further. The State has its own constitutional instrumentalities for maintaining order; and it is not wise to go outside of them.

The significance with which this pertinent view is supported, is strengthened by some very pointed remarks as to the justice of the strike from sources that have heretofore been the reverse of critical toward the corporations. When a newspaper of the conservative character of the Philadelphia *Ledger* points out the cogent fact that at the same time the companies are declaring that they cannot give their miners an advance amounting to less than three cents a ton they are themselves striking for an advance of 25c a ton, and adds, "There is not a coal buyer in Philadelphia, probably, who would not willingly give three cents a ton more to insure the miners living wages, but they very naturally object to paying twenty-five cents a ton extra while the miners are still deprived of a fair rate of wages," the matter should give the coal combination some serious food for reflection. The fact is that the policy of combination by great masses of capital for the purpose of swelling their own profits from the simultaneous decrease of wages and increase of profits, has very nearly reached the limits of public patience. It is about time to call a halt on such things, and if the corporations have not wisdom enough to do it for themselves the people will be likely to take the matter up in earnest for them. —*Pittsburg Dispatch, Rep.*

The Pulpits and the Politicians

Of the multitude of Christian ministers in this city of churches not more than half a score responded from their pulpits on Sunday to the disgraceful appeal in behalf of an alliance of religion and rum in support of the machine local ticket. Most of the sermons preached on the Sunday question were accompanied by a protest that were not designed to influence the local election in any way; but in a few instances the purpose to help the ring was ill concealed. The great majority of the clergymen of Philadelphia, however, have shown that they have too much self-respect and too much regard for decent public opinion to permit their sacred desks to be put to the base service that had been marked out for them. They recognized that in the peculiar turn which had been given to a purely local election anything they might have said would have been misconstrued or employed for the promotion of partisan or personal ends. They recognized, too, that the election of a Sheriff and a Controller of this county, no matter how it might result, could have no possible influence upon any question of Sunday legislation.

With the great body of the reflecting and intelligent people of Philadelphia, its clergymen hold that the only just tests of qualification for city and county offices of trust and responsibility are capacity, fitness and worth. Holding that a man may entertain the most orthodox opinions on religion or politics and be utterly unfit for any local office of trust, they have indignantly repelled the shameful plea that the voters in this contest should disregard the claims of personal merit and look only to the devices on the banner borne by the candidate. As teachers and professors of political morality the clergymen of Philadelphia could not tolerate so demoralizing and dangerous a doctrine. Hence, since they could not openly and directly lend the cause of religion to the use sought at their hands, they disdained to do indirectly aught that could be interpreted into a seeming support of any candidate.—*Phila. Record Nov 1.*

O'Brien Goes to Jail.

CORK, Oct. 31.—The sentence of Editor O'Brien was confirmed on appeal at the Quarter Sessions Court at Middletown to day. As soon as the decision was announced the spectators denounced the magistrate and a scene of indescribable confusion followed. The people tried to prevent O'Brien's arrest, Mr. Harrington, his counsel, contending that it was illegal to imprison him until the court of last resort was appealed to or at least the warrant was issued, and a terrible struggle followed. O'Brien resisted the police and fought with all his strength. A crowd of 20,000 people gathered around the court house in the wildest excitement. However, when the warrant was produced Mr. O'Brien submitted to arrest and was removed by the police.

The streets of this city were literally packed with people when Mr. O'Brien arrived in custody of the police. A strong police force, fully armed, was was disposed in the vicinity of the prison to prevent any attack upon the prisoner's escort, and a force equally strong was stationed about the railway station. Mr. O'Brien refused to voluntarily leave the car when the train arrived here, and compelled the police to use force to remove him. He was accompanied to the prison by the Mayor of Cork and followed by a tremendous crowd.

The vice chairman of the Poor Guardians attempted to make a speech, but the police prohibited him from doing so at the point selected by him. He therefore moved to another place, followed by a crowd, and delivered his address without molestation. The crowd then paraded the streets singing "God Save Ireland."

Anarchist Sympathisers Trying to Save Their Condemned Comrades by Threats.

CHICAGO, October 31.—The Anarchists sympathisers are resorting to anonymous letters to terrify the authorities into commuting the sentence of the condemned men. During the past three weeks Judge Gary, States' Attorney Grinnell and others connected with the famous trial have been daily deluged with missives of this kind. While the officials themselves pay little heed to this cowardly form of attack, their wives have been made to suffer for them. Especially is this the case with Mrs. Grinnell, due to the receipt of a letter in which the writer threatens in the event of nothing being accomplished to save the necks of the seven men, the kidnapping of her children. The police watch in the neighborhood of Judge Gary and Mrs. Grinnell has been considerably strengthened, which, while adding some sort of security to the vicinity, nevertheless keeps the possible results of an attack on the houses of the two officials fresh in the minds of the residents.

Judge Gary himself receives the letters with contempt, and pursues his daily routine of duties with undiminished calm. Despite his attitude, however, he is followed to and from his residence by a detective ever ready to spring to his aid should occasion require, and an attack upon his person would have to be executed with skill to be a success.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—An elk that weighed 800 pounds, dressed, was recently killed in Coos county, Oregon. It was 15½ hands high and 11½ feet long.

—Golden trout are found in but one place in the world—that is in the brooks of Mount Whitney, up near the banks of everlasting snow. They have a golden stripe down each side, and are the most beautiful fishes that swim.

—A Boston leather firm sold 1,000 feet of grain leather to a manufacturer at 10½ cents per foot. In a few days the bill was returned to them, with a demand for 2 cents deduction for one quarter foot short measure. They allowed it.

—A girl in Swan Creek, Saginaw county, Mich., stole a $5 bill and a $5 gold piece from the woman who employed her, and hid it by wrapping it in a bit of cloth and rolling it in her hair. When detected she swallowed the money. She has been arrested.

—At the Watsonville, Cal., fair were exhibited a lot of six squashes, the largest weighing 210 pounds, and the lot 980; one box (50 pounds) of Belle Flower apples containing only 45 apples; 13 pears weighing 25 pounds; two quarts of strawberries averaging from 3 to 5 inches, each berry, in diameter; sugar beats weighing 30 pounds each.

—Frank Kemp while out horseback riding at Hazleton, Luzern county, on last Monday was thrown head foremost to the ground by the horse being brought to a sudden stop, and fractured his skull. The horse walked a short distance, then returned, looked at the boy as he lay on the ground in an unconscious condition and quivered until he was removed. Kemp's injuries are fatal.

—The venerable "Doc" Blodgett, of Sabetha, Kas., is one of the few living old-time hunters and pioneers. He was born in 1799, in a block house, where Cincinnati now stands; fought in the Indian wars in Ohio; killed a panther where now stands Columbus, O.; speaks two Indian languages fluently; has used tobacco and whiskey for over 80 years; is a great-grandfather, and looks and acts like a man of 60.

—A Russian young lady has been condemned to life-long prison for marrying sixteen husbands. She is a curiosity, and ought to have been left off. When her lawyer went to see her in prison after the trial she assured him of her gratitude and and asked him to accept as a souvenir a gold watch and chain, which she placed on the table before him. He at once recognized it as his own. She had picked his pocket and presented him with his own watch.

—Few people in using peppermint or the extract ever stop to think of its origin. Wayne county N. Y., supplies pretty much all the peppermint oil that is used in the United States. Miles upon miles of the land there are devoted to the cultivation of peppermint, and the experienced traveler always knows he is nearing Wayne by the refreshing odor that reaches him in advance. Every farm has its peppermint field, and no part of the acreage is more profitable.

—In Wayne county, N. Y., two ladies are making a spirited canvass for the election to the office of School Commissioner. They are Miss Nellie L. Cook, who is the regular Democratic candidate, and Miss Ella Clark, who runs on the Prohibition ticket. Miss Cook has distributed several hundred of her photographs, and is visiting every district in the county. Miss Clark has delivered a number of campaign speeches, which have attracted great attention.

—Captain Robert W. Anderson, an aged pedestrian of Sumter, S. C., who claims to have been 97 years old on the 4th of July last, arrived in Washington the other day with his dog, engaged in a pedestrian trip from Boston to his home in Sumter. He left Sumter last May and walked to Boston, and is now on his return home. He went over the same route, he says, in a wagon in 1812, and altogether, including the present trip, has traversed the distance five times. He thinks the walking preserves his health.

—James Houston, of Cane Hill, Ark., was awakened by a noise under his bed the other night. He lighted his lamp, and, looking under, thought he saw a cat; but when he poked it with a cane, a big snake came out and offered battle. He drove it back under the bed, took his wife to a neighbor's for safety, and went back and killed the serpent with a pitchfork. It measured 11 feet 9 inches in length, had stripes running diagonally around his body, and had recently swallowed three young kittens.

—The San Francisco *Examiner* says the steamship City of Sydney, which recently arrived in that port, brought $600,000 worth of Chinese girls to replenish the slave quarters of that city. Though such importation is against the Chinese restriction act, against the contract labor act and against the still older law prohibiting the immigration of women brought for immoral purposes, their owners will find no serious difficulty in landing their costly chattels. A few dollars for witnesses, something more for a lawyer and $17.50 apiece for court fees will settle the matter.

—A dispatch from Jacksonville, Fla., relates that James E. Hamilton, mail carrier, between Miami and Lake Worth, on the South Atlantic coast, met with a terrible death on Tuesday of last week. His route necessitates his crossing Hillsboro Inlet, which he does in a row boat. While crossing on Tuesday he was attacked by a number of sharks, and, although he fought them with his oars as long as possible, they finally capsized his boat and literally devoured him alive. An old fisherman witnessed his terrible death, but was unable to render him any assistance.

—One of the most singular features in the scenery of the territory of Idaho is the occurrence of dark, rocky chasms, into which large streams and creeks suddenly disappear, and are never more seen. These fissures, explains Golden Days, are old lava channels produced by the outside of the molten mass cooling and forming a tube, which, on the fiery stream becoming exhausted, has been left empty, while the roof of the lava duct, having at some point fallen in, presents there the opening into which the river plunges and is lost. At one place along the banks of the Snake, one of these rivers reappears gushing from a cleft high up in the basaltic walls, where it leaps a cataract into the torrent below. Where this stream has its origin, or at what point it is swallowed up, is utterly unknown, though it is believed that its sources are a long way up in the north country.

—The negroes of Hampton, Co., S.C. have been holding a camp-meeting near Brighton. Religious exercises have been going on all last week, and the greatest excitement prevailed. Last Friday night a barrel of whisky was brought to the ground and drinking became general. When preaching began drunken men in the congregation wanted to talk as much as the preacher in the pulpit. The meeting was soon turned into a scene of confusion. When the preacher attempted to enforce order a free fight ensued, in which pistols, razors and pine poles were used. Blood flowed in streams, and as the lights were extinguished foe could not be distinguished from friend. When peace was restored it was found that Jacob Jackson, an elder in the church, had been killed by a pistol shot, and that six others were so badly wounded that death will result. About twenty-five persons were badly bruised and cut in the fight. The camp-meeting, without ceremony, adjourned.

A WORD TO ALL.

Go to GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN'S, Clinton St., Johnstown, Pa., for Carpets, Mattings, Rugs, Stair Pads, Stair Rods, Stair Buttons,

Oilcloths, Linoleum, Lace Curtains, Feathers,

Turcoman Curtains, Madras Curtain Goods, etc., etc. Quality of Goods unequaled and prices the lowest.

—The cultivation of cranberries in New Jersey was begun on a small scale by John Webb in 1857. There are now between 5,000 and 6,000 acres of marshland under cultivation in that State alone, or about one-fourth of the cranberry growing area of the country. In Massachusetts and Wisconsin cranberry culture is also carried on quite extensively. There were picked last year in the New Jersey marshes nearly 200,000 bushels of cranberries, which were sold at an average price of $2 a bushel. The yield this year will not be more than two-thirds of last year's, but it is expected that the price will be high enough to insure as large a return to the growers as they had from the crop of 1886.

—What is known as Kilema-Njairo, or Great Mountain in Africa, has been ascended by Mr. Meyer, a German traveler to the volcanic summit, about 19,500 feet above the sea. He concluded his journey alone with perils on all sides, and any mishap would have been certain death. At the base of this mountain are palm trees; at its summit eternal snows; between the two, six distinct kinds of vegetables are found. Bananas and maize, jungle and deep forest flourish in its lower altitudes. Thousands of natives till the richly turfed slope to a height of 6,500 feet, and ascend to heights of 12,000 feet to hunt the elephants and buffalos that clamber up the mountain side almost to the snow line.

—Judge Bregy, of Philadelphia, made a ruling on Thursday of last week, in the Quarter Sessions that will be of interest to dealers in horses. Philip Smith charged D. Engle with false pretense, claiming that he purchased a horse from Engle under the representation that it was sound, etc., but he afterward discovered that it was diseased. This fact Judge Bregy instructed the jury, did not constitute a false pretense within the meaning of the Pennsylvania law. A misrepresentation of this kind, while bad in morals, was not a crime, and the prosecutor could sue in the Civil Court to recover damages. Under the law of Pennsylvania the misrepresentation of the quality of goods was not a false pretense.

—The Atlantic cable was projected by Cyrus W. Field as far back as 1854, and in 1856 the Atlantic Telegraph Company was organized in London. The attempt to lay the cable was made twice, unsuccessfully—in 1857 and 1858. The third trial was successful, and in August, 1858, messages were sent across the ocean. The cable worked only a few weeks, however, and then ceased to operate, owning to defective insulation of the wires. The matter was again taken up in 1865, and an expedition set out to lay the cable. After 1,200 miles had been laid, by a sudden lurch of the Great Eastern, which bore the wires, the cable snapped and was lost. In 1866 the cable was successfully stretched across the ocean, and communication established between the Old World and the New.

—Santa Anna's cork leg may be seen in the Patent Office at Washington. The Mexican General and his leg parted company at the battle of Cerro Gordo, where the pursuit was so hot that he hastily mounted a mule to effect an escape. The cork limb had been laid aside for the comfort of the General, who was riding in a carriage a short time before the capture. Two companies of the Fourth Illinois Regment were the first to reach the carriage, and a private soon secured the trophy. It was soon sold to other members of the same company for small sums, and finally reached Pekin, Ill., where it was one of the features of the town. In 1862 the owners presented it to the United States authorities, and it was deposited by General McCook in the Patent Office.

—Nothing made Nanking so much celebrated abroad as the Porcelain tower, which was one of the wonders of the world. It stood preeminently beyond all similar buildings for its completeness and elegance and the quality of material of which it was built. It cost $4,000,000, and was ninety years in building, being completed in A. D. 1430. The outer face of this unique structure was covered with slabs of porcelain of various colors, principally green, red, yellow and white. At every one of its nine stories there was a projecting roof covered with green tiles, and a bell was suspended from each corner. There were 152 bells in all, which gave sweet sounds when there was a brisk wind. One hundred and twenty-eight lamps were hung on the outside. In the year 1801 it was seriously injured by a storm.

SECRETARY WHITNEY'S CASE.

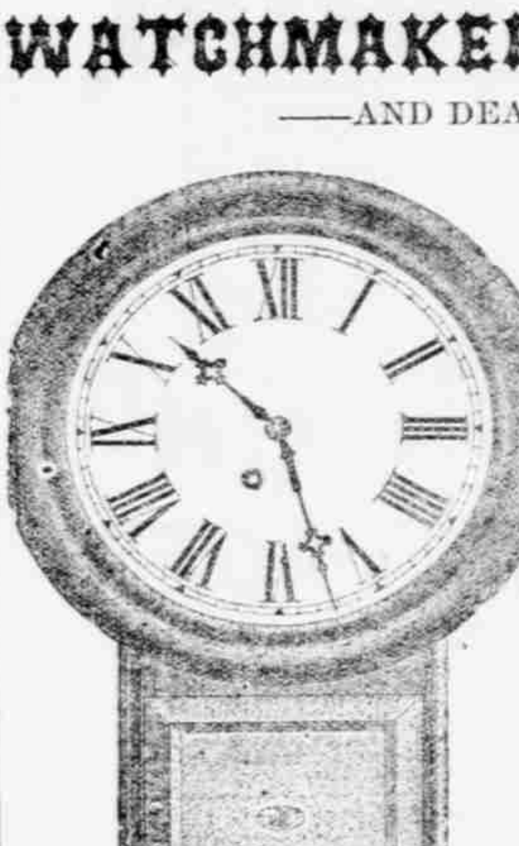
Another of President Cleveland's Cabinet Officers in Impaired Health.

WASHINGTON, D. C. Oct. 29.—Secretary Whitney is now in New York, and will not return to Washington for an indefinite period. Although not suffering from any disease, he has been forbidden by his physician from undertaking any work. For the past year the Secretary has had troublesome headaches, which have grown more and more severe and frequent, until now he is unable even to work. For the past two weeks he has not been able even to read his letters, and, although he has accumulated some of the materials, he has not written a word of his annual report, and there is no prospect that he will be able to prepare one. The physician has stated that with the necessary rest the Secretary will be perfectly well again, and it is probable that he will go to some quiet country place to recuperate. During his absence Commodore Harmony will act as Secretary, his duties and responsibilities being shared, however, by the Board Bureau Officers recently organized to meet this emergency.

A Soldier's Gratitude.

Constable Robert C. Clair, of Mill Hall, received a letter a few days ago from an attorney at Marblehead, Mass., informing him that a man named Thomas H. Hinion, of that place, had died in the month of August and had bequeathed to Mr. Clair all his property, which is estimated to be worth $18,000. Mr. Clair was interviewed this morning by a representative of the *Express*, to whom he stated that he had not heard from Hinion for more than 15 years. During the war Clair was on reserve picket duty the night after the battle at Hatchers Run, Va. Near the picket line lay a wounded soldier in terrible agony, whose moans and calls for water were more than Clair could stand. He ventured to crawl out to the sufferer and dragged him inside the line, where he was cared for and sent to the hospital. The wounded soldier was Thomas H. Hinion, the man who lately died and who out of gratitude bequeathed his property to the man who saved his life. Hinion, the attorney writes, was a bachelor, and had no relatives in the United States.—*Lock Haven Express.*

CARL RIVINIUS,
—PRACTICAL—
WATCHMAKER & JEWELER,
—AND DEALER IN—



Watches, Clocks,
JEWELRY,
Silverware, Musical Instruments
—AND—
Optical Goods.
Sole Agent
—FOR THE—
Celebrated Rockford
WATCHES.
Columbia and Fredonia Watches,
In Key and Stem Winders.
LARGE SELECTION OF ALL KINDS of JEWELRY always on hand.
My line of Jewelry is unsurpassed. Come and see for yourself before purchasing elsewhere.
ALL WORK GUARANTEED
CARL RIVINIUS
Ebensburg, Nov. 11, 1885.-tf.

MARLIN MAGAZINE RIFLE
Best In The World

For large or small game—32 calibre, 40 grains powder; 38 cal. 55 gr.; 40 cal. 60 gr.; 45 cal. 70 and [illegible] gr. The strongest shooting rifle made. Perfect accuracy guaranteed and the only absolutely safe rifle on the market. Prices reduced. BALLARD Gallery, Sporting and Target Rifles, world renowned. The standard for target shooting, hunting, and shooting galleries. All calibres from 22 to 45. Made in fourteen different styles, prices from $18.00 up. [illegible]

MARLIN FIRE ARMS CO., New Haven, Conn.

Two targets made with one of our 22 calibre rifles [illegible] after fifty shots had already been fired and no cleaning [illegible] shots. These guns carry off nearly all the prizes at [illegible] are always accurate and reliable.

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE FOR MEN ONLY

Over Ten Thousand Trial Packages mailed to patients a large proportion of whom took a full treatment and were restored to health by use of PROF. HARRIS' SEMINAL PASTILLES.

A Radical Cure for Nervous Debility, Organic Weakness and Physical Decay in Younger Middle Aged Men. Tested for Eight Years in many thousand cases they absolutely restore prematurely aged and broken down men to the full enjoyment of perfect and full Manly Strength and Vigorous Health. To those who suffer from the many obscure diseases brought about by Indiscretion, Exposure, Over-Brain Work, or too free Indulgence, we ask that you send us your name with statement of your trouble, and secure TRIAL PACKAGE FREE, with Illustr'd Pamphlet &c.

VIGOROUS HEALTH [illegible]

TREATMENT.—One Month, $3. Two Mo. $5. Three, $7.

HARRIS REMEDY CO., Mfg Chemists, [illegible] ST. LOUIS, MO.

RUPTURED PERSONS can have FREE Trial of our Appliance. [illegible]

Valuable Property for Sale.

THE UNDERSIGNED OFFERS AT PRIVATE Sale the following valuable
HOUSE AND LOT,
situate on Main street, of Carrolltown Borough, and in the business centre of the town—opposite the Blum brewery. The house is a large two story building, 32 by 32 feet. Is plastered throughout, weatherboarded and completely finished and as good as new. A good stable on the lot and a never failing well of excelent water. It would answer for dwelling and business house combined, or for a hotel property.
POSSESSION GIVEN IMMEDIATELY.
For particulars call on or address the owner,
FREDERICK SNYDER,
At the Arlington Hotel, Altoona, Pa.
September 16, 1887.

DONALD E. DUFTON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PENN'A
Office in Colonnade Row.

H. H. MYERS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PA.
Office in Collonade Row, on Centre street.

GEO. M. READE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PA.
Office on Centre street. [illegible]

Ebensburg Fire Insurance Agency
T. W. DICK,
General Insurance Agent,
EBENSBURG, PA.

INSURANCE!

The New England Life Insurance Company, of Boston, Mass.
The Oldest, Cheapest & Best in the World.
ASSETS, - - $18,500,000.
Edowment Policies at ordinary Life Rates.
L. STRAYER,
Special Agent for the Middle District of the State.

FARM FOR SALE.

THE SUBSCRIBER WILL SELL HIS FARM known as the LUCKETT FARM, situate in Munster township, Cambria county, containing about
90 ACRES, ABOUT 60 ACRES CLEARED,
having thereon erected a good frame house and frame barn. The farm is in a fine state of cultivation, is well watered and has a good orchard of bearing fruit trees. The farm is within three minutes walk of Luckett's Station on the Ebensburg and Cresson Railroad.
For further particulars inquire of George M. Reade, Esq., Ebensburg, Pa., or of the undersigned on the premises.
JOHN MURPHY.
July 29, 1887.

AUDITORS' NOTICE.—
In the Common Pleas of Cambria County. In the matter of the first and final account of P. F. Shaffer, Assignee of Austin Hays.
And to wit, the 7th day of September, A. D., 1887, on motion of Chas. L. Dick, Esq., to Horace Rose, appointed auditor to report distribution of the funds in the hands of P. F. Shaffer, assignee for the benefit of creditors of Austin Hays, as appears by his first and final account.
[Seal.] By the Court.
H. A. SHOEMAKER, Pro'y.
Notice is hereby given that I will sit for the purpose of the above appointment at my office No. 61 Franklin street, Johnstown, Cambria County, Pa., on Wednesday, November 9, 1887, at 10 o'clock a. m., when and where all persons interested may attend, or be forever debarred from coming in on said fund.
W. HORACE ROSE,
Auditor.
Johnstown, Oct. 8, 1887.

T. W. DICK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in building of T. J. Lloyd, [illegible] Centre street. All manner of legal business attended to satisfactorily and collections a specialty. [illegible]

FOR SALE—STEAM ENGINES, CLAY [illegible] Second-hand Fans, Boiler and Steel Work-ing engines, [illegible] As CARLIN, Allegheny, Pa. [illegible]

ADVERTISERS by addressing Geo. P. Rowell & Co., 10 Spruce St., New York, can learn the exact cost of any proposed line of ADVERTISING in American Newspapers. 100 Page Pamphlet 10c.

NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS! [illegible] of the Cambria [illegible] the Mountain [illegible] August [illegible] President [illegible]
July 15, '87. JAMES E. McCLURE, Secretary.

M. D. KITTELL,
Attorney-at-Law,
EBENSBURG, PA.
Office Armory Building, opp. Court House.

EXECUTRIX NOTICE.
Estate of John Grimes, deceased.
Letters testamentary on the estate of John Grimes, deceased, [illegible] having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.
MARGARET GRIMES,
Executrix.
Allegheny twp., July 27, [illegible]

BARBER SHOP

The undersigned invites the citizens of Ebensburg [illegible] on Centre St., [illegible] Mountain House annex), where he is ready to [illegible] a hair cut [illegible] By keeping [illegible] shop I expect to merit a liberal share of patronage.
March 11, '87. PETER WILHELM.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of William J. McGuire, late of Clearfield township, deceased.
Letters of administration on the estate of William J. McGuire, late of Clearfield township, Cambria county, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.
HIRAM McGUIRE,
Administrator of William J. McGuire, dec'd.
Clearfield twp., April 29, 1887.-6t.

1794. 1887.
Policies written at short notice in the
OLD RELIABLE "ÆTNA"
And other First Class Companies.
T. W. DICK,
AGENT FOR THE
OLD HARTFORD
FIRE INSURANCE COM'Y.
COMMENCED BUSINESS
1794.
Ebensburg, July 30, 1882.

R. L. JOHNSTON, M. J. BUCK, A. W. BUCK.
Johnston, Buck & Co.,
BANKERS,
Ebensburg, Pa.
Money Received on Deposit
PAYABLE ON DEMAND.
INTEREST ALLOWED ON TIME DEPOSITS
COLLECTIONS MADE
AT ALL ACCESSIBLE POINTS.
DRAFTS on the Principal Cities
Bought and Sold and a
General Banking Business Transacted
ACCOUNTS SOLICITED.
A. W. BUCK, Cashier.
Ebensburg, April 4, 1884.-tf.

WHEN you need Job Printing of any kind give the Freeman office a call.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - NOV. 4, 1887.

--: WM. F. CABLE & CO. :--

The Leading Dry Goods House of Altoona, Penn'a., say they want you to visit their Store this Fall (at 1402 Eleventh avenue, Altoona,) to see their Bargains in all Departments. They sell

Seal Plush Wraps. $12.50 to $45; Seal Plush Sacques, $15 to $50; Astrachan Wraps, new, $10 to $20; Astrachan Coats, $3.50 to $12.50; Ladies' Newmarkets, $5 to $13.50; Misses' Newmarkets, $3.75 to $12.50; Jersey Jackets, $4.50 to $10; Braided Jackets, $5.50 to 12; Misses' Jackets, $3.50 to 8.50; Children's Coats, $1.75 to 12.50. They have bargains in White, Scarlet and Gray Blankets, Ladies' Gent.'s and Children's Underwear and Stockings, Wool Flannels and Cotton Flannels. Big line of Dress Goods and Silks. Gable & Co.'s is the only strictly one-price Dry Goods House in Central Pennsylvania.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

A party who signed himself Mr.
Alphonse de Bandes had a Sr.,
And he got on his ear
As I happened to hear,
When another chap jumped up and Kr.

A lady who came from Ky.
Was noted because she was fly;
She'd walk in the rain
And she'd never complain
Though the weather was stifling and dry.

—Next Tuesday is election day.

—Get every Democratic vote out.

—Examine your tickets before going to the polls.

—Vote for Bernard J. McGrann for State Treasurer.

—Miss Ella Shaw, of Cherrytree, Indiana county, is visiting friends in this place.

—Mr. J. B. Stalb, one of Susquehanna township's good citizens, was in town on Tuesday.

—For hats and caps at half price call on H. March at the Golden Eagle Clothing Store, Altoona, Pa.

—Mr. William J. Ward, foreman of the Carrolltown News, spent a few hours in town on Tuesday last.

—Mrs. Leonard Mangold died at her home in [illegible] township on Wednesday of last week, aged sixty years.

—One thousand pounds of ginseng wanted at Dr. Davison's, for which the highest market price will be paid.

—If you are in need of a coat or wrap, it will pay you to call on Mrs. R. E. Jones before purchasing elsewhere.

—Miss Mollie Denny, of Gallitzin, is visiting her brother Mr. J. B. Denny, of the Mountain House, this place.

—At the shooting match at Carrolltown on Saturday last, Mr. Philip Miller, of Susquehanna township, won the bear.

—Best quality of red underwear at $1 50 per suit at the Golden Eagle Clothing Store 1301 Eleventh Ave., Altoona. H. March.

—Philip E. Chapin, General Manager of the Cambria Iron Works, has tendered his resignation, to take effect on New Year's day.

—A number of laborers who had been employed at the reservoir at the Horse Shoe Bend, passed through this place on Thursday.

—Mr. William O'Brien, of Pittsburg, one of the proprietors of the Casino Museum, in that city, spent several days in town the past week.

—Mrs. E. E. Jones has been in Philadelphia for the past week laying in a fine stock of Winter goods which will be opened in a few days.

—John F. Smith and Miss Jennie McKeim, both of Munster township, were married by Rev. Father Walsh, of this place, on Sunday last.

—Mr. Nathaniel Horne and Annie R. Landis, both of Johnstown, were married at that place on Wednesday of last week by Rev. W. H. [illegible].

—McDonald, of Loretto, Pa., wants 500 bushels large onions, 1000 bushels picked corn and 1000 bushels clean wheat. Part cash paid if desired.

—Burgess Richards had two special policemen on duty last Monday night, and, as a consequence very little hallow e'en was indulged in by the boys.

—Through the carelessness of one of our compositors the date line on the outside of last week's issue was set up wrong, being Nov 4th instead of Nov 4th.

—Mrs. William Tate, formerly of this place, and who has been visiting friends here for the past week, returned to her home in Allegheny on Tuesday last.

—Closing out to quit business. If you need a pair of fine dress pants for $3, call on H. March at the Golden Eagle Clothing Store 1301 Eleventh Ave., Altoona.

—They are selling off 350 mens' and 275 boys' overcoats and offer them at first cost price, at the Golden Eagle Clothing Store 1301 Eleventh Ave., Altoona. H. March.

—Seven hundred and eighty-three mens suits are offered at half price at the Golden Eagle Clothing Store. We are closing out to quit the clothing business. H. March.

—Mr. John O'Hara has taken a step in the right direction that would bear imitation by a number of our citizens, by planting maple trees in front of his property on Julian street.

—C. F. Brown, proprietor of the Central Hotel, this place, has mechanics at work painting and plastering his house, and after the work is completed it will be one of the best hotels in town.

—Caleb Smith, a well-known citizen of Lock Haven, one day last week, while driving his team through the city, fell back in his wagon and died almost immediately. Cause, heart disease.

—John F. Smith Administrator of P. B. Smith deceased will sell a large lot of personal property at the late residence of the deceased in Munster township on Thursday, November 10th, at 10 o'clock a. m.

—Some boy or boys while attempting to break the lock on the corn crib belonging to [illegible], of this place, succeeded in breaking the lock. The boys will continue the business until some of them are prosecuted.

—The professional lock-picker, who has spent the past week in this place drumming up business, has given the small boy an insight to the business, and in consequence several locks have been picked on the corn cribs, etc., about town.

—Miss Mary Shields, daughter of Mr. J. E. Shields, of Loretto, and Miss Caddie Kerr, daughter of E. G. Kerr, Esq., of Ebensburg, were visiting the family of Mr. R. J. Shields, of Sixteenth avenue and Eleventh street, this city.—*Altoona Times.*

—Vote for Thomas E. Howe for County Treasurer.

—John Glancy, a resident of Bennington, Blair county, in attempting to jump on a moving freight train at Lilly on last Sunday fell with one foot under the wheels and was badly crushed. He was taken to his home the same evening on mail express.

—James H. Miller, a brakeman on the Pennsylvania railroad, whose home was at [illegible], was crushed so badly while coupling cars in the upper yard at Altoona on last Friday evening that he died in the ambulance while being taken to the hospital.

—Mr. George Wilson, Jr., of Philadelphia, the well-known traveling salesman, who has been on the road for many years, dropped in to see us (Thursday). George has not been stopping off at Ebensburg for [illegible] years, but he looks just as well as ever.

—Bargains, bargains in clothing at the Golden Eagle Clothing Store, 1301 Eleventh Avenue, Altoona, Pa. I will offer the following goods at such low prices that will surprise you. 50 black Prince Albert, fine dress suits at $14, 185 black cork-screw, four button cutaway suits at $10, all wool Scottish suits, $7.50, 300 boys' suits, $1.75 up. If you are in need of clothing call early and get a bargain. I must close out this stock of fine goods by January 1, 1888.

—An order has been given for the immediate building of twenty first-class freight engines at the shops in Altoona. This is independent of the work now on the stocks. These locomotives are greatly needed to move the heavy freight traffic on all the lines more expeditiously.

—Miss Annie Blair, daughter of Ex-Sheriff Blair, was severely scalded on the neck and shoulders on Friday last by the upsetting of a boiler of scalding water. Her injuries, though very painful, are not dangerous, and with proper care she will soon be about again.

—Vote for John Campbell and John Kirby for County Commissioners.

—Remember, remember H. March of the Golden Eagle Clothing Store 1301 Eleventh Ave., Altoona, is closing out his last stock of fine clothing at half price. If you are in need of a fine overcoat call on Mr. March, you will save 40 per cent. The goods must be sold out by Jan. 1st 1888.

—Grant Morgan, brakeman on the Pennsylvania railroad, who resides at East Conemaugh, was injured while coupling cars on Tuesday night. His collar bone was broken and one part of the bone forced through the flesh and clothing, protruding three or four inches. It is thought his injuries will prove fatal.

—Any person who wants paying work as local or traveling agent for warranted nursery stock should apply at once to James E. Whitney, Nurseryman, Rochester, N. Y. No experience is necessary, and complete outfit is furnished free. Steady work the year round and all stock warranted to be in good condition.

—While Thomas Kephart and George Hecker were examining the workings of a revolver in Morrellville on Monday night, the revolver was accidentally discharged, the ball taking effect in Hecker's groin. Both men were perfectly sober and the shooting was purely accidental. The chances are against Hecker's recovery.

—The Philadelphia *Times* pertinently remarks: This is the time of year when the farmer who does not take a newspaper because he cannot afford it, meets with two or three traveling confidence men, and gets cheated out of enough money in one day to pay for his subscription to half a dozen daily papers from every State in the Union.

—A large steam saw mill and wood working establishment at Geistown, belonging to Mr. Christ Baumgardner, was destroyed by fire about one o'clock on Wednesday morning. The origin of the fire is unknown, and when first seen was among the shavings near a planer. The loss, it is supposed, will foot up to about $3,000, upon which there is no insurance.

—In the Supreme Court at Pittsburgh on Tuesday the judgment of the lower court was affirmed in the following cases: The Cresson, Clearfield County & New York Short Route Railroad Company vs. Valentine Anseman, error to the Common Pleas of Cambria county; appeal of Patrick McCall from decree of Common Pleas of Cambria county.

—On Thursday morning of last week Joseph Artis was engaged in shearing iron in the mill of the Hollidaysburg Iron & Nail Company, when he pushed a bar of iron with his foot up against a swiftly-revolving circular saw, and in doing so his foot slipped and struck the saw, and before he could draw it back the saw cut off the great toe and the next two toes of the left foot.

—George McGowan, a native of Scotland, aged about twenty two years, who resides at Frugality, on the line of the Cresson & Coalport railroad, was accidentally shot at his boarding house on Tuesday morning. A small boy was handling a shot gun supposing it was not loaded, when it went off, the charge taking effect in McGowan's back. He was taken to the Altoona Hospital for treatment and it is thought he will soon recover.

—A few days ago the Pennsylvania Railroad Company shipped six oil-tanks from Pittsburgh to Altoona to be used as water-tanks, and last Sunday night, when brakeman Charles Davis, with a torch in his hand, lifted the lid of one of the tanks to see if it was properly filled, an explosion ensued which burst the tank, knocked him to the ground, and burned him frightfully about the head and face. The tank had not been cleaned and the explosion was due to foul air.

—Vote for J. W. Griffin and Louis Roland for County Auditors.

—As showing the extent of sickness in Bedford, at a special meeting of the borough council, held on Tuesday evening of last week, it was decided to make a thorough examination into the sanitary condition of the town. Three councilmen were assigned to each ward, with instructions to go from house to house. It was directed that notices ordering citizens to put their premises in proper condition be printed and posted up at once, and that the visit by the council be made on last Tuesday.

—On last Tuesday afternoon Isaac C. Houck, a railroad policeman of Altoona, in attempting to arrest a tramp named John Kelly from Williamantic, Connecticut, who had been riding on a freight train drew his revolver and fired two shots, one of which took effect in Kelley's knee, shattering the bone so badly that it had to be amputated. Kelly was taken to the hospital where he lies in a precarious condition. Houck was arrested and held in $2,000 bail for his appearance at court to answer for his too free use of the revolver.

—On last Saturday a week a little girl named Maggie Ream, aged seven years, who is a daughter of Jacob Ream, of Mineral Point, but her mother being dead, makes her home with David Fyock, in Adams township, was shot in the back of the neck by John Mapledoram, of Johnstown, who mistook the girl for a wild turkey. She had a blue handkerchief tied over her head, which attracted the hunter's attention. Fortunately only a few shot struck the child and her wounds are not serious.—*Johnstown Tribune.*

—B. A. Bartlett, of Randolph, N. Y., has recently given a marvelous exhibition of his power as a marksman with a rifle. At a distance of twenty-five feet he hit common white beans, holding his rifle in various positions while firing. He split in two a postal card that was set up edgewise. Using a 22-caliber ball he shot through a 32-caliber pistol barrel, the bullet splitting on a knife blade at the further end of the revolver barrel and each half of the bullet breaking an egg. He ignited a parlor match held by a person at the target stand, knocked the ashes from cigars, and concluded by shooting a bean from the nose of Jason Huntley, who had sufficient confidence in Bartlett's skill to permit the attempt.—*Cleveland Leader.*

—Vote for J. Ross Thom on for Judge of the Supreme Court.

—Vote for George W. Easly for Poor House Director.

—There are twenty blast furnaces in and around Pittsburg, thirty-five rolling mills, twenty-nine steel works, fifteen window-glass works, thirty-seven flint glass works, and eleven green-glass works. The blast furnaces make 800 000 tons of iron per year, the rolling mills 750,000 tons, the steel works 750,000 tons, the plate glass works 3 250 000 square feet, the window glass works 900,000 boxes.

—Mr. Henry Glass, of Allegheny township, whose team was killed at Lilly on Wednesdty of last week by the cars, and who was so badly injured that it was thought he could only live a few hours, was still living when last heard from on Wednesday evening, but very low. His right leg was crushed so that it had to be amputated above the knee joint and the left foot so mangled that it had to be taken off at the ankle. His nose was fractured and he was otherwise bruised and injured about the body. Mr. Glass was 79 years of age on the 8th of last January. As we go to press we learn that Mr. Glass died at 4 o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, and that his remains will be interred at Loretto to-day, (Friday) at 10 o'clock a. m.

—A scientific journal gives some interesting facts regarding artesian wells. Among the deepest in this country are the well at Northampton, Mass., 3,700 feet deep, and that at St. Louis, 3 180 feet, which furnishes a large supply of sulphur water. The deepest well in the world is in Prussia, a Government work, and something over 4 000 feet deep and furnishes hot water. The largest well in the world is believed to be that at Passy, near Paris. It is two feet in diameter, 1,913 feet deep and delivers 3,795 000 gallons per day. The most celebrated is at Grenelle, a suburb of Paris, with a depth of 1 802 feet and a delivery of 880 000 gallons per day, with a force sufficient to raise it 129 feet above the surface. Wells 1,500 and 1,800 feet deep are said to exist in the province of Ou Tong Kiao in China.

—Says the Huntingdon *Local News*: The sumac industry in this State has been improved wonderfully since the erection of the tannin works at this place, the only one of the kind in the United States. A few years ago the company had to depend upon a supply of sumac from Virginia, and only received eighteen tons of the plant from Pennsylvania. This year over 800 tons have been gathered in Pennsylvania, and purchased by Banning, Bissell & Co., the proprietors of the works. A large quantity of this has been gathered in this and neighboring counties, for which the price paid was twenty dollars a ton. The gathering is done principally by women and children, who make from 50 cents to $1 per day. The leaves and small stems of the plant are used and it is said the less care taken of the plant the better. If it is chopped off at the roots, new shoots will spring out from the roots, and it appears to do better than when not so roughly dealt with.

Prince Gallitzin to be Canonized.

"Stroller," in the Harrisburg *Patriot*, writes as follows:

I was looking over some old files in the State Library on Wednesday of last week, and in the Harrisburg *Reporter* of May 22, 1840, then published by our aged, esteemed but afflicted fellow-citizen, William D. Boas, found the following obituary notice: "At Loretto, Cambria county, on the 6th instant, Rev. Dr. Demetrius Gallitzin. He was born in 1770, in the lap of luxury—the son and heir of Prince de Gallitzin, of Russia, and the heir of his mother of the highest nobility of the German Empire. He renounced all this, came to America in 1790, took orders in 1795, and in 1798 chose his abode in Bedford (now Cambria) county, then totally unsettled. Spent a princely fortune in the midst of the wilderness. Was kind to all mankind, and died the honored and reverend, the simple pastor of a congregation of hardy, plain, and excellent republicans."

Now for something marvelous or miraculous which I am about to relate. Yesterday I met a well known gentleman, of this city, who had just returned from a visit to Johnstown and Loretto. At the latter place he met a nephew of Cardinal Gibbons, who is agent for a large Philadelphia business house, and he informed my friend that but recently he was at the tomb of Dr. Gallitzin; that his remains and robes are in a remarkable state of preservation; that he looks as if only in a calm sleep. Think of this, nearly forty-eight years after his death. It is the intention of the Catholic Church to canonize the memory of the dead priest, whose life was spent in doing good, and he will shortly be added to the long list of saints of that powerful religious denomination.

MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED.

The following marriage licenses were issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court for the week ending Wednesday, November 2d, 1887:

Jacob L. Cites, Morrellville and Carrie J. Purny, Taylor township.

John Francis Smith and Jane McKim, Munster township.

Elmer Reynolds and Annie Byers, South Fork.

Abraham Hostetter and Lizzie A. Statler, Scalp Level.

B. F. Haldman and Julia Masterson, Johnstown.

Samuel S. Miller, Chico, California and Mary Veil, Johnstown.

Marcus Pwhek and Mary Rosage, Cambria.

Adam Hohman and Emma Severing, Johnstown.

Daniel S. Colbaugh and Katie M. Caten, East Conemaugh.

Joseph Seibert and Barbara Bleuk, Conemaugh.

John Sawburn and Theresa Martinitas, Cambria.

John O'Neill, Johnstown, and Sarah Catharine Lucas, Conemaugh.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by E. James and W. W. McAteer, of Loretto.

Personal.

Mr. N. H. Frohlichstein, of Mobile, Ala., writes: I take great pleasure in recommending Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, having used it for a severe attack of bronchitis and catarrh. It gave me instant relief and entirely cured me and I have not been afflicted since. I also beg to state that I tried other remedies with no good result. Have also used Electric Bitters and Dr. King's New Life Pills, both of which I can recommend. Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, is sold on a positive guarantee. Trial bottles free at E. James' drug store.

Death of Dr. Smith.

On last Sunday morning Dr. William A. Smith died at his boarding house in Philadelphia, after an illness of six months, in the 79th year of his age. Dr. Smith was a son of Gen. William R. Smith, a Philadelphian by birth, who was a ripe scholar and rose to distinguished eminence as a member of the Huntingdon county bar. From Huntingdon Gen. Smith removed to Bedford and up to the election of Van Buren as President in 1836, was a regular practitioner in the courts of this county. He died at an advanced age in Iowa where one of his sons is still living and is a very prominent man. After Dr. Smith had received a thorough medical education he settled in the town of Somerset about the time that Jeremiah S. Black, was admitted to the bar of that county. They became intimate associates and a strong feeling of friendship was formed between them which lasted up to Judge Black's death in 1883. In 1833 Dr. Smith left Somerset and came to Ebensburg, where he continued the practice of his profession. In 1839 he was appointed Prothonotary of the county by Gov. Porter and was reappointed in 1842. In 1849 he was elected to the lower branch of the Legislature from this county, but was not a candidate for re-election. In 1857 or, 58 he removed to Philadelphia where his wife subsequently died. When the late civil war broke out he was appointed a surgeon in the Union army and served in that capacity at Washington and with the army in Virginia until the end of the war. For many years prior to his death he filled the position of Deputy Prothonotary of the Supreme Court of the State, which he always retained, uncompromising a Democrat as he was, although the Prothonotary himself was equally as pronounced a Republican. He inherited the literary taste of his father and his distinguished uncle, Richard Penn Smith, and was what is called "a well read man." He was a Democrat of the Andrew Jackson stamp, and his devotion to his party seemed to grow in intensity as advancing years crept over him. He had a warm feeling for the people of Ebensburg who knew and respected him when he resided here, and was in the habit for many years past of paying an annual visit to this place in September. When the writer of this saw him in the latter end of May, when he believed he was on the way of recovering, he expressed a fervent wish that he would be enabled to visit his "mountain friends" once more. But that was not to be. He was a warm hearted, generous man and had not an enemy in the world. Two sons, Thomas R. and Hobart, survive him, both of whom reside in Philadelphia. Peace to his ashes.

Cresson School Report.

The following pupils were perfect in attendance during month:

A. J. Sanker, teacher. Number of pupils enrolled, 42; average attendance, 36; number of visitors, 6.

Mattie Quartz, Mary Moyer, Blanch Storm, Aggie Lynch, May Lee, Nettie Hines, Susan Hines, Harriet Storm, Hackett Lynch, Ed. Meyer, Alfred Hines, George Deyeraux and Celestine Lynch.

Wonderful Cures.

W. D. Hoyt & Co., wholesale and retail druggists of Rome, Ga., say: We have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery, Electric Bitters and Bucklen's Arnica Salve for four years. Have never handled remedies that sell as well, or give such universal satisfaction. There have been some wonderful cures effected by these medicines in this city. Several cases of pronounced consumption have been entirely cured by use of a few bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery, taken in connection with Electric Bitters. We guarantee them always. Sold by E. James.

—WANTED.—A respectable man to handle our famous Rubber Stamp, etc., in this district. McMahon Bros. & Adams, 212 Penn avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dr. Oldshue,
534 Grant Street,
PITTSBURGH, PA.

GENERAL ELECTION PROCLAMATION!

God Save the Commonwealth.

WHEREAS, by an Act of the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An Act to Regulate the General Elections within the Commonwealth," it is enjoined upon me to give public notice of said election, and to enumerate in said notice what officers are to be elected, I, Joseph A. Gray, High Sheriff of the County of Cambria, in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, do hereby make known and give notice to the electors of the county aforesaid, that a General Election will be held in the said County of Cambria on the

8th Day of November, A. D. 1887,

(the same being the Tuesday next following the first Monday of said month) at which time State and County officers will be elected as follows:

ONE PERSON for Judge of Supreme Court.
ONE PERSON for State Treasurer.
ONE PERSON for Treasurer of Cambria County.
THREE PERSONS for Commissioners of Cambria County.
ONE PERSON for Poor House Director for the County of Cambria.
THREE PERSONS for Auditors for the County of Cambria.

I also hereby make known and give notice that the places for holding the aforesaid elections in several wards, boroughs, districts and townships within said county are as follows, to wit:

The electors of the district composed of the borough of Ashville, to meet at the house of D. G. Myers in said borough.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Allegheny to meet at Bradley's school house, in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Adams to meet at the house of Daniel Dunmire, in Adamsburg.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Barr to meet at the school house No. 11, in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Blacklick to meet at the house on the property of Simon Adams in Belsano, in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Cambria to meet at Armory Hall in Ebensburg borough.

The electors of the district composed of the borough of Cambria to meet as follows: 1st ward, at the school house in said ward; 2d ward, in the borough lockup in said ward.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Carroll to meet at the school house in Carrolltown borough.

The electors of the district composed of the borough of Carrolltown to meet at the school house in said borough.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Chest to meet at school house No. 9, in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the borough of Chest Springs to meet at the house of Jacob Wagner, in said borough.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Clearfield to meet at school house No. 2, adjoining the village of St. Augustine, in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Conemaugh to meet at the school house at Singer's, in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the borough of Conemaugh to meet as follows: 1st ward, at the house of Peter Maltzie, in said 1st ward; 2d ward, at the house of John Swartzman, in said 2d ward.

The electors of the district composed of the borough of Coopersdale to meet at the school house in said borough.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Croyle to meet at the school house in the village of Summerhill, in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Dean to meet at Richland's school house, in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the borough of East Conemaugh to meet at the school house in said borough.

The electors of the district composed of the borough of Ebensburg to meet as follows: East ward, at the office of Richard Jones Jr., in said ward; West ward, in Council Room, in said ward.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Elder to meet at the school house in the village of St. Boniface, in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the borough of Franklin to meet at the school house in said borough.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Gallitzin to meet at the Mountain school house in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the borough of Gallitzin to meet at the school house in said borough.

The electors of the district composed of the borough of Grubbtown to meet at the public school house in said borough.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Jackson to meet at the house of Henry Eager in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the borough of Johnstown to meet as follows: 1st ward, at the office formerly occupied by Thomas & Walters, public square, 2d ward at the office of J. S. Tittle, Esq., on Market street, in said ward; 3d ward, at the Mansion House on Broad street, in said ward; 4th ward, at the school house in said ward; 5th ward, at the house of August Weigand in said ward; 6th ward, at the Johnstown pottery in said ward, 7th ward, at the office S. W. Miller in said ward.

The electors of the district composed of the borough of Lilly to meet at the school house in said borough.

The electors of the district composed of the borough of Loretto to meet at the school house in said borough.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Munster to meet at the warehouse of Augustine Durbin, deceased, in the village of Munster, in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the borough of Millville to meet as follows: 1st ward, at the lockup; 2d ward, at the hose carriage house, in said ward.

The electors of the district composed of the borough of Prospect to meet at the school house in said borough.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Portage to meet at the school house near the village of Portage.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Reade to meet in the tinshop of Abraham Cornelius, in the village of Glasgow, in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Richland to meet at the house of Joseph Geis, in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Stonycreek to meet at Jacoby's school house, in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Summerhill to meet at Summerhill school house, in the borough of Wilmore.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Susquehanna to meet at the house of Michael Platt in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the township of West Taylor to meet at the school house near James Blough's, in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the township of East Taylor to meet at the house of Peter Rhoades, near the Hendrick's school house, in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the borough of South Fork to meet at public school house No. 2, in said borough.

The electors of the district composed of the borough of Tunnelhill to meet at the school house in said borough.

The electors of the district composed of the borough of Woodvale to meet at the new school house in said borough.

The electors of the district composed of the borough of Wilmore to meet at Council Chamber in said borough.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Washington to meet at the school house at the foot of Plane 4, in the borough of Lilly.

The electors of the district composed of the township of White to meet at the small store house of John C. Gates in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Yoder to meet as follows: First division at school house No. 3 in said township; second division at Beam's school house in said township.

SPECIAL ATTENTION.

SEC. 1. Every male citizen twenty-one years of age, possessing the qualifications shall be entitled to vote at all elections.

First—He shall have been a citizen of the United States at least one month.

Second—He shall have resided in the State one year (or if having previously been a qualified elector or native born citizen of the State he shall have removed therefrom and returned within six months) immediately preceding the election.

Fourth—If twenty-one years of age or upward, he shall have paid within two years a State or county tax, which shall have been assessed at least two months and paid at least one month before the election.

SEC. 4. All elections by the citizens shall be by ballot. Every ballot voted shall be numbered in the order in which it shall be received, and the number recorded by the election officers on the list of voters, opposite the name of the elector who presents the ballot. Any elector may write his name upon his ticket, or cause his name to be written thereon, and attested by a citizen of the district. The election officers shall be sworn or affirmed not to disclose how any elector shall have voted unless required to do so as a witness in a judicial proceeding.

SEC. 5. Electors shall in all cases except treason, felony and breach of surety of the peace, be privileged from arrest during their attendance on an election, and in going to and returning therefrom.

SEC. 6. Whenever any of the qualified electors of the Commonwealth shall be in actual military service, under a requisition from the President of the United States, or by authority from this Commonwealth, such electors may exercise the right of suffrage in all elections by the citizens, under such regulations as are or shall be prescribed by law, as fully as if they were present at their usual place of election.

SEC. 7. All laws regulating the holding of elections shall be uniform throughout the State but no elector shall be deprived of the privilege of voting by reason of his name not being registered.

SEC. 8. Any person who shall give or promise to give to any elector any money, reward or other valuable consideration for his vote at any election, or for withholding the same, or who shall give or promise to give such consideration to any other person or party for such elector's vote or for the withholding thereof, and any elector who shall receive or agree to receive for himself or another, any money, reward or other valuable considerations for his vote at an election, or for withholding same, thereby forfeits the right to vote at such elections; and an elector whose right to vote shall be challenged for such cause before the election officers, shall be required to swear or affirm that the matter of the challenge is untrue before his vote shall be received.

SEC. 9. Any person who shall while a candidate for office be guilty of bribery, fraud or wilful violation of any election law shall be forever disqualified from holding any office of trust or profit within this Commonwealth; and any person convicted of wilful violation of any election laws shall, in addition to any penalties provided by law, be deprived of the right of suffrage absolutely for a term of four years.

SEC. 13. For the purpose of voting no person shall be deemed to have gained a residence by reason of his presence, or lost it by reason of his absence, while employed in the service, either civil or military, of this State, or of the United States, or on the seas, or while a student of any institution of learning, nor while kept in a poor house or other asylum at public expense, nor while confined in public prison.

SEC. 14. District elections boards shall consist of a judge and two inspectors, who shall be chosen annually by the citizens. Each elector shall have the right to vote for the judge and one inspector, and each inspector shall appoint one clerk. The first election board of any new district shall be selected, and vacancies in election boards filled as shall be provided by law. Election officers shall be privileged from arrest upon day of election and while engaged in making up and transmitting returns, except upon a warrant of a court of record or judge thereof, for an election fraud, for felony, or for wanton breach of the peace. In cities they may claim exemption from jury duty during their terms of service.

SEC. 15. No person shall be qualified to serve as an election officer who shall hold or who shall have held an office or appointment or employment in or under the government of the United States, or of this State, or of any city or county, or any municipal board, commission or trust in any city save only justices of the peace, and aldermen, notaries public and persons in the military service of the State; nor shall any election officer be eligible to any civil office to be filled at an election at which he shall serve, save only to such subordinate municipal or local officer, below the grade of city or county officer, as shall be designated by law.

And also the following Acts of Assembly now in force in this State, viz:

ACT OF JANUARY 30, 1875.

SEC. 4. That all elections hereafter held under the laws of this Commonwealth, the polls shall be opened at 7 o'clock A. M. and close at 7 o'clock P. M.

SEC. 5. Whenever there shall be a vacancy in an election board on the morning of election, said vacancy shall be filled in conformity with existing laws.

The Act of Assembly, entitled "An Act relating to the election of this Commonwealth," passed July 2, 1839, provides as follows, to wit:

That the inspectors and Judges shall meet at the respective places appointed for holding the election in the district to which they respectively belong, before 7 o'clock in the morning of Tuesday, November 8th and each said inspector shall appoint one clerk, who shall be a qualified voter of such district.

In case the person who shall have received the second highest number of votes for inspector shall not attend on the day of an election, then the person who shall have received the next highest number of votes for judge the next preceding election shall act as inspector in his place. And in case the person who shall have received the highest number of votes for inspector shall not attend, the person elected judge shall appoint an inspector in his place. And in case the person elected shall not attend, then the inspector who shall have received the highest number of votes shall appoint a judge in his place, and if any vacancy shall continue in the board for the space one hour after the time fixed by the law for the opening of the election, the qualified voters of the township, ward or district for which such officers have been elected shall elect some one of their number to fill vacancy.

MODE OF VOTING.

The attention of all qualified voters is directed to the following Act of Assembly regulating the mode of voting in this commonwealth.

CHANGE IN MODE OF VOTING.

AN ACT regulating the mode of voting at all the elections in the several counties of the Commonwealth, approved March 30, 1866:

SEC. 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same that the qualified voters of the several counties of this Commonwealth at the general, township, borough or special elections, are hereby authorized and required to vote the tickets printed or written, or partly printed or partly written, severally classified as follows: One ticket shall embrace the names of all Judges of Courts to be voted for, and be labeled "Judiciary;" one ticket shall embrace the names of all State officers to be voted for, and be labeled "State;" one ticket shall embrace the names of all county officers to be voted for, and be labeled "County;" one ticket shall embrace the name of all township officers to be voted for and be labeled "Township;" one ticket shall embrace the names of all borough officers to be voted for, and be labeled "Borough;" and each class shall be deposited in a separate ballot box.

Given under my hand, at my office in Ebensburg, this 24th day of September in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-seven and the independence of the United States of America the one hundred and eleventh.

JOSEPH A. GRAY, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, Oct. 6, 1887.

Adjourned Orphans' Court Sale.

BY virtue of an order issuing out of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county to me directed, I will expose to public sale at the Exchange Hotel in the borough of Chest Springs, on

TUESDAY, NOV. 15, 1887,

AT 1 O'CLOCK, P. M.

the following described Timber Land, viz:

A certain piece or parcel of unseated land situated in Clearfield township, Cambria county, Pa., bounded on the east by land of John Durbin and Michael Wyrock, on the south by land of John Carlheim and others, on the north by land of Hugh Hagan and John Durbin, containing one hundred and thirty acres, more or less. This land is densely covered with valuable timber.

TERMS.—One-third of the purchase money to be paid at the confirmation of the sale, and the remainder in two equal annual payments, with interest, to be secured by the judgment bonds and mortgage of the purchaser.

CELESTINE McMULLEN.
Trustee to sell certain real estate of
MATTHEW McMULLEN, dec'd.
Nov. 4th, 1887. 3t.

Adjourned Orphans' Court Sale.

BY virtue of an order issuing out of the Orphan's Court of Cambria County to me directed, I will expose to public sale at the Exchange Hotel in the borough of Chest Springs on

TUESDAY, NOV. 15, 1887,

AT 1 O'CLOCK P. M.

the following valuable real estate, viz:

All that certain piece or parcel of land situated in Clearfield township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of Matthew Ivory, heirs of J. C. Ivory, Patrick McGuire, Francis Ivory and Jos. Dysart & Son, containing one hundred acres, more or less, having thereon erected a two story frame house, a barn and outbuildings, all in good repair. There is an abundance of good water and a fine orchard on the premises.

TERMS of sale:—One-third of the purchase money to be paid at the confirmation of the sale, and the remainder in two equal annual payments with interest, to be secured by the judgment bond and mortgage of the purchaser.

JOSEPH A. GRAY.
Trustee to sell the real estate of Bernard Dunegan, dec'd.
Ebensburg, Nov. 3d, 1887.

APPLICATION FOR CHARTER.—Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of Pennsylvania on the twenty fifth day of November, A. D. 1887, by Robert Coleman, D. H. Hastings, J. L. Spangler, Abraham Hess and W. S. Reeder under the Act of Assembly entitled "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations" approved April 29th, 1874 and the supplements thereto for the charter of an intended corporation to be called "The Blubaker Coal Company," the character and object of which is the mining and producing of coal, coke and other minerals, and the transportation and sale thereof, and of acquiring, holding and disposing of real estate by sale, lease or otherwise, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of said Act of Assembly and supplements thereto.

HUYES & REEDER.
Solicitors.
Nov. 1, 1887.

ESTRAY NOTICE.—Came to the premises of the subscriber residing in Allegheny township, Cambria county, Pa., about July 4th, 1887, one red steer and one red heifer about two year old. The owner is requested to come forward prove property, pay charges and take them away, otherwise, they will be disposed of according to law.

WILLIAM DODSON.
Allegheny twp., Oct. 21, 1887.

$50 Reward.

The school district of Allegheny township will pay the above reward for the arrest and conviction of any person or persons found breaking into, injuring, or in any manner defacing any of the school property of said township.

HUGH DESKEL.
Allegheny twp, Oct. 27, 1887. President.

FOR SALE.—The undersigned will offer at private sale his house and lot situated in the West ward of Ebensburg, fronting on High street and extending back along Mary Ann street on the west to Sample street. The house is a large double house in good repair with a good stable, and the lot contains a number of good fruit trees. For terms call on the subscriber residing on the premises.

GEORGE HEILER.
Ebensburg, Oct. 21, 1887.

AUDITORS' NOTICE.—Having been appointed an auditor to make a distribution of the fund in the hands of Joseph A. Gray, Sheriff of Cambria county, arising from the sale of property of H. C. Garman on writ No. 52, September term, 1887; notice is hereby given that I will attend to the duties of the said appointment at the Arbitration Room in the Court House, Ebensburg, Pa., on Wednesday, November 2d, 1887, at half-past one o'clock, p. m., at which time and place all persons interested must present their claims or be forever debarred from coming in on said fund.

JOHN P. LINTON, Auditor.
Johnstown, Oct. 6, 1887.

RECEIVER'S NOTICE.—The undersigned having been appointed receiver of the estates, property, monies, and effects, real, personal, and mixed, of the late firm of Isaac Diehl, and Geo. A. McCormick doing business under the firm name of Diehl & Co., of which firm Geo. A. McCormick, is the surviving partner, all persons indebted to said firm, are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands, will please make known the same without delay.

A. J. ANDERSON,
Receiver of DIEHL & CO.
Altoona, Oct. 25, 1887.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Stephen G. Callan, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make payment without delay and those having claims against the same will present them, properly authenticated for settlement.

A. W. BUCK,
Ebensburg, Pa., Aug. 26, 1887, 6t. Adm'r.

AUDITORS' NOTICE.—Having been appointed auditor to make distribution of the fund in the hands of Joseph A. Gray, Sheriff of Cambria county, arising from the sale of real estate of William Cole on execution No. 51, June Term, 1887. Notice is hereby given that I will attend to the duties of said appointment at my office in the borough of Ebensburg on Tuesday, Nov. 15 1887, at 10 o'clock a. m., when and where all parties interested may appear if they see proper, or be forever debarred from coming in on said fund.

DONALD E. DUFTON.
Ebensburg, Oct. 12, 1887. 3t.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of James Leahy, deceased, of Lilly borough, Cambria county having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate, to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

JOHN LEAHY, JR.,
Lilly, Oct. 20, 1887. Adm'r.

STRAY SHEEP.—About two weeks ago eight sheep strayed away from the farm of the subscriber in Carroll township, and also two from his premises in Ebensburg. The sheep are all marked on the back with tar. Any person furnishing information leading to their recovery will be suitably rewarded.

JOSEPH OUTWALD.
Ebensburg, Oct. 27, 1887.

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Daniel Cooney, deceased, of Munster township, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate, to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

CHARLES COONEY,
Adm'r.
Munster, Oct. 5, 1887.

ALL kinds of Job work neatly and expeditiously executed at this office.

What Everybody Knows

By dealing with us you are not only sure of saving money but also of being correctly and fashionably dressed and of securing strictly first-class, reliable goods in every Department.

Combined with these inducements you have a

STOCK OF GOODS TO SELECT FROM
3 times as large as that of any other
House in Johnstown,

embracing all descriptions of good working garments, business garments, and fine dress garments. No goods of the trashy description ever offered for sale in our establishment.

WOOLF, SON & THOMAS.

THE BOTTOM
IS REACHED AT LAST.

The largest stock of hardware ever offered in the County can be found at my store. I am now selling many goods at much less than I can replace them for, but I will continue to sell at Bottom Prices until I am compelled to replenish my stock. When you want a cooking or heating stove, tinware hardware, nails, iron, glass, trunks and farming implements, call and see my stock and learn my prices.

Aug 13, '85.

G. HUNTLEY,
HIGH STREET. — — — EBENSBURG

FIRE! BURGLARS! THIEVES!

THE VICTOR
SAFE AND LOCK CO.
CINCINNATI, O.

Advertisement No. 1.

SAFES!

OUR VICTOR

Household & Office Safes

Are expressly meant to supply an urgent demand from *Farmers, Lawyers, Doctors, Small Storekeepers, Postmasters, Express and Railroad Agents, Township and County Officials, Trustees, Retired Business Men and Families,* for a first-class fire-proof, burglar-proof combination lock, safe, adapted in capacity and price to suit their requirements. The Victor is first-class in every respect, warranted fire-proof, and constructed in the most improved manner. We now use on each and every safe our new non-pickable combination lock, and inside bolt-work. It has all round corners, exterior beautifully finished and ornamented by hand with all burnished portions nickel-plated. Interior nicely fitted up with sub-treasuries, book-spaces, and pigeon-holes.

No. 1.	Farmers' Size, 19x12x13,	weight, 135 lbs.	$24.00
No. 2.	Household Size, 22x15x16,	" 250 lbs.	$30.00
No. 3.	Small Dealers' Size, 28x18x18,	" 600 lbs.	$40.00
No. 4.	Postmasters' and Office Size, 32x22x22,	" 800 lbs.	$60.00

No. 4 has inside door, with flat key lock, duplicate keys. Sub-treasuries have flat key-locks, with duplicate keys. *We are sole owners of patents and sole manufacturers of the Victor Safes. We caution persons against making, buying, selling or using safes infringing on our patents.*

Every first-class safe company manufactures under patents. It is dangerous to buy spurious goods bearing no patent dates.

Every person who is in need of a safe will find it profitable to correspond with us at once, before an agency is established in his locality, and receive the benefit of our *Special Offer in open territory.*

We want *General Merchants and Dealers* to help us carry out our *Inter-State Co-operative Plan. Exclusive control free.* A highly profitable connection to last probably for a life-time. *Will cost but one cent* for a postal card to learn full particulars. Illustrations and testimonials sent on application. In writing us mention advertisement No. 1. Address,

The Victor Safe & Lock Co., CINCINNATI, O.

$125 A WEEK. Agents Wanted. THE AMERICAN HOME AND FARM CYCLOPEDIA by H. R. ALLEN, A. M., M. D., and 119 COLLEGES and SPECIALISTS. 12 books in one volume of *immediate* and *constant* value far beyond its cost, to Farmers, Live Stockmen, Horticulturists, Builders, Housekeepers, Money-Makers and all who have, or aspire to have homes. Over 1100 Pages and 2000 Illustrations. This new volume contains such *attractions* and *practical value* as was never before seen in a book. Positively $50 to $125 a week made by capable canvassers. OUTFIT FREE, FREIGHT PAID and CREDIT GIVEN *honest* men. Descriptive Circulars, Press Notices, Agent's Reports and Terms free. *Why work for barely bread and butter?* Send at once for particulars.

THE THOMPSON PUBLISHING CO.,
225 South Sixth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.—Estate of Christopher Robine, dec'd. Letters testamentary on the estate of Christopher Robine, late of the borough of Lilly, Cambria county, Pa., deceased, having been granted to the undersigned all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement to

PETER ROBINE, Jr.
JAMES CALLAHAN.
Executors of Christopher Robine, decd.
Lilly, Pa., September 23d, 1887. 6t.

DR. SETH ARNOLD'S
COUGH KILLER
CURES COUGHS AND COLDS
PREVENTS
CONSUMPTION.

All Druggists, 25c., 50c., and $1.00. Prepared only by Dr. Seth Arnold, Med. Corp., Woonsocket, R. I.

KENTUCKY MULES.

The only firm in Penn'a who make a speciality of Kentucky Saddle and Driving Horses, Draught and Pit Mules and keep constantly in their stables one hundred head of Mules, all sizes, from four foot to the large mule weighing 1400 lbs., are D. Armstrong & Co., 32 Second Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa. Mules shipped to all parts of the State on order. Nothing but No. 1 picked stock to be found in their stables.

Correspondence solicited.

WANTED YOUNG MEN & LADIES TO LEARN TELEGRAPHY. Students practically educated for the business and situations furnished when competent. Address SHERMAN TELEGRAPH CO. Oberlin, O.

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MOST COMPLETE IN THE COUNTY

Address all communications to

FREEMAN,

EBENSBURG, PA.

ESTRAY NOTICE.—Came to the premises of the subscriber residing in Chest township, Cambria county, about the 1st of September last, a white boar. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take it away, otherwise it will be disposed of according to law.

JAMES A. McCANN.
Chest tp., Oct. 15, 1887. 3t.

A Wealthy Man's Awful Fright.

A tall, handsomely dressed man, leaning on the arm of an attendant, was walking up Madison avenue Sunday just as a vast throng of church-goers were returning home. Suddenly he stopped, looked at his legs in a frightened way and fell to the ground in a fit. His body twisted and writhed in a way horrible to see, and he made a strange noise which sounded like a dozen angry rattlesnakes. The gentleman's attendant evidently knew just what to do. He raised the sufferer's head so that he could not injure it on the sidewalk and quickly loosened the fastenings of his shirt. When the first violence of the fit had worn off the attendant called on a bystander for help and removed him to a drug store. During the fit the gentleman's hat had rolled off, and also his wig, leaving exposed a head as smooth as a billiard ball. While waiting for a carriage the attendant told a reporter a remarkable story of how his master came to be so terribly afflicted.

The gentleman is Mr. Francklyn Brush, and he is a cousin of the Mr. Francklyn who is now in trouble on account of his dealing with the Cunard Steamship Company. Ten years ago Mr. Brush came to America from England to seek his fortune as a civil engineer. He had letters of introduction which, together with his cousin's influence secured him a place on the International and Great Northern Railroad in Texas, which was then being built. He joined Major Benham's party as assistant engineer. One day in October, 1877, Major Benham sent Mr. Brush to obtain certain papers from Capt. Wardell, who was in charge of the next division. He started on his twenty-mile ride in the morning and reached his destination shortly before noon. He refused an invitation to remain in Capt. Wardell's camp until the heat of the day had past and at once started on his return journey. Half way beween the two camps Mr. Brush became tired and dismounted from his horse. He found a shady place on a large rock overshadowed by trees, and stretched himself out to rest.

He had been aleep some time when he was awakened by strange sensation. It appeared as though a heavy weight was attached to each leg. When he opened his eyes an ominous rattling noise greeted his ears. Two hugh rattlesnakes had coiled themselves about each of his legs, and at the slightest motion the reptiles raised their heads, ready to strike. Afraid to move and filled with inexpressible terror, Mr. Brush lay hour after hour with two big snakes coiled about him. At last the sun began to set, and the chil night air began to make the snakes uncomfortable. Slowly they unwound themselves from about Mr. Brush and crawled into a crevice in the rocks. Then he mounted his horse and rode into camp. When his horse halted in front of Major Bentham's tent, Mr. Brush fell from it in a fit. For three days he remained unconscious, passing from one fit into another, until his life was despaired of. At last he rallied sufficiently to be removed to San Antonia, where he remained in the hospital for six months. During his illness every hair dropped from his head. As soon as practicable Mr. Brush was taken to England, where he remained until a year ago, when through the death of a relative he came into a handsome property. He has been traveling under the care of a nurse since then, but he is constantly subject to fits. It is the opinion of noted surgeons who have failed to effect a cure that Mr. Brush will die during one of these fits. At his death his property will pass to his cousin, Mr. Francklyn.

Care of Work Horses.

Frequently the farm horse suffers from overfeeding, and from being worked on a full stomach; for farm horses eat all the time, and look lean and wire coated—two certain proofs of chronic indigestion. Horses which have passed many hours in work, when released from harness are allowed to drink all the water their exhausted systems crave for; then, with the material of a small iceberg in their distended inner organs, they are turned loose to further injure themselves by gazing in the pasture; or, if the farmer is well to do, they go to the barn, and there, tormented by flies, mosquitoes and other winged pests, devour a carelessly prepared ration, after which the remainder of the night is passed in stamping and fighting insects. Farm horses are overfed, commonly, insufficiently groomed, and never judiciously either housed or clothed. In summer, farm work ought to commence with the rising of the sun, and cease at noon, when men and horses should seek the friendly shelter of the house and stable. The horses just from the field ought then to be stripped of all harness, have their eyes and nostrils washed out, the mark of the harness washed off, and then be well rubbed with a "wisp"—which simple and inexpensive stable implement is far better for the horse than is a brush, whose coarse stalks irritate the skin and temper the suffering beast. The wisp soothes and causes a healthy action of the skin, when the horses have been thus attended to, and they have cooled off.

Crows as Pets.

A rage has sprung up this summer at some of the country places for crows as pets, and those who have adopted the fashion are much amused in studying the habits and peculiarities of this much maligned bird. The crow has proved himself easily domesticated. Once his wings are clipped and he is well fed he will not go very far away. Though at first he may exhibit signs of timidity, in time these leave him altogether and he exhibits one of his chief characteristics—his love of company. Wherever people are there he will prefer to be, and in this way it is not unusual for him to become a nuisance. He is, moreover, an incorrigible thief, and will carry away everything he can lift with his big beak, preferring those things which are bright and shiny to duller objects. He is a glutton, too, and a piece of meat held at a tantalizing distance from the bird will invariably provoke a loud and demanding "Caw."

KASKINE
THE NEW QUININE.

GIVES GOOD APPETITE STRENGTH, QUIETNERVES, HAPPY DAYS, SWEET SLEEP.

A POWERFUL TONIC, that the most delicate stomach will bear.
A SPECIFIC FOR MALARIA, RHEUMATISM, NERVOUS PROSTRATION, and all Germ Diseases.

The most scientific and successful Blood Purifier. Superior to quinine.

Mr. John C. Scarborough, Selma, N. C., writes: "I got malaria in the Southern army and for a dozen years suffered from its debilitating effects. I was terribly run down when I heard of Kaskine, the new quinine. It helped me at once. I gained 35 pounds. Have not had such good health in 20 years."

Other letters of a similar character from prominent individuals, which stamp Kaskine as a remedy of undoubted merit, will be sent on application.

Letters from the above persons, giving full details will be sent on application.

Kaskine can be taken without any special medical advice. $1 a bottle. Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price.
THE KASKINE CO., 54 Warren St., New York.

SINE'S SYRUP WATCHES YOU SLEEP

DR. SINE'S SYRUP CURES COUGHS AND COLDS.

"Rough on Rats."
clears out rats, mice, roaches flies, ants, bed-bugs.

Heart Pains.
Palpitation, dropsical swellings, dizziness, indigestion, headache, sleeplessness cured by Wells' Health Renewer.

"Rough on Corns."
Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Quick complete cure. Hard or soft corns, warts, bunions.

"Buchu-Paiba."
Quick, complete cure, all kidney, bladder and urinary diseases, scalding, irritation, stone, gravel, catarrh of the bladder. $1, druggists.

Bed-Bugs, Flies.
Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, gophers, chipmunks, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.

Thin People.
"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures dyspepsia, impotence, sexual debility. $1.

"Rough on Pain."
Cures cholera, colic, cramps, diarrhœa, aches, pains, sprains, headache, neuralgia, rheumatism. 20c. Rough on Pain Plasters, 15c.

Mothers.
If you are failing, broken, worn out and nervous, use 'Well's Health Renewer.' $1. Druggists.

Life Preserver.
If you are losing your grip on life, try "Wells' Health Renewer." Goes direct to weak spots.

"Rough on Piles."
Cures piles or hemorrhoids, itching, protruding, bleeding, internal or other. Internal and external remedy in each package. Sure cure, 50c. Druggists.

Pretty Women.
Ladies who would retain freshness and vivacity, don't fail to try "Well's Health Renewer."

"Rough on Itch."
"Rough on Itch" cures humors, eruptions, ringworm, tetter, salt rheum, frosted feet, chilblains.

"Rough on Catarrh.
Corrects offensive odors at once. Complete cure of worst chronic, also unequaled as gargle for diphtheria, sore throat, foul breath. 50c.

The Hope of the Nation.
Children, slow in development, puny, scrawny and delicate use "Wells' Health Renewer."

Catarrh of the Bladder.
Stinging, irritation, inflammation, all kidney and urinary complaints cured by "Buchu-Paiba." $1

"Water Bugs, Roaches."
"Rough on Rats" clears them out, also beetles ants.

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NEW HOME

SEWING MACHINE
PERFECT IN EVERY PARTICULAR.
NEVER OUT OF ORDER.
NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO. ORANGE, MASS.
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OVER 1,000,000 BOTTLES SOLD AND NEVER FAILS TO CURE COUGHS, COLDS, THROAT AND ALL LUNG TROUBLES
ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT PRICE 25 CTS.
COUGH SYRUP
DON'T FORGET THAT DR. LINDSEY'S BLOOD SEARCHER ALWAYS CURES PIMPLES, BOILS, SORE EYES, MALERIA, MECURIAL AND ALL BLOOD DISEASES. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
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Ebensburg & Cresson R. R. Schedule.

LEAVES—NORTHWARD.

	No. 1. A. M.	No. 2. A. M.	No. 3. P. M.
Cresson,	9.00	11.10	5.25
Luckett,	9.07	11.20	5.35
Munster,	9.14	11.29	5.42
Noel,	9.19	11.35	5.48
Kaylor,	9.24	11.41	5.53
Bradley,	9.29	11.47	6.02
Ebensburg,	9.40	12.01	6.15

LEAVES—SOUTHWARD.

	No. 1. A. M.	No. 2. A. M.	No. 3. P. M.
Ebensburg,	7.05	10.00	3.00
Bradley,	7.15	10.09	3.15
Kaylor,	7.21	10.15	3.24
Noel,	7.25	10.20	3.30
Munster,	7.30	10.25	3.36
Luckett,	7.36	10.32	3.45
Cresson,	7.45	10.40	4.00

Cresson and Coalport R. R. Schedule.

LEAVES—NORTHWARD.

	Mail A. M.	Exp. P. M.
Cresson,	9.10	5.20
Wildwood	9.28	5.33
Dawson,	9.32	5.38
Amsbry,	9.43	5.44
Ashville,	9.52	5.51
Millside,	10.00	5.57
Dysarts,	10.06	6.01
Condron,	10.10	6.05
Dean,	10.16	6.09
Frugality,	10.27	6.17
Shirley,	10.35	6.23
Fallen Timber,	10.37	6.25
Flynn City,	10.49	6.34
Coalport,	11.01	6.43
Rosebud,	11.04	6.45
Irvona,	11.10	6.50

LEAVES SOUTHWARD.

	Mail P. M.	Exp. A. M.
Irvona,	2.30	7.00
Rosebud,	2.36	7.05
Coalport,	2.38	7.07
Flyn City,	2.48	7.16
Fallen Timber,	2.57	7.25
Shirley,	3.00	7.27
Frugality,	3.06	7.32
Dean,	3.15	7.41
Condron,	3.20	7.45
Dysart,	3.24	7.49
Millside,	3.28	7.52
Ashville,	3.35	8.00
Amsbry,	3.42	8.05
Dawson,	3.52	8.14
Wildwood,	3.55	8.17
Cresson,	4.10	8.30

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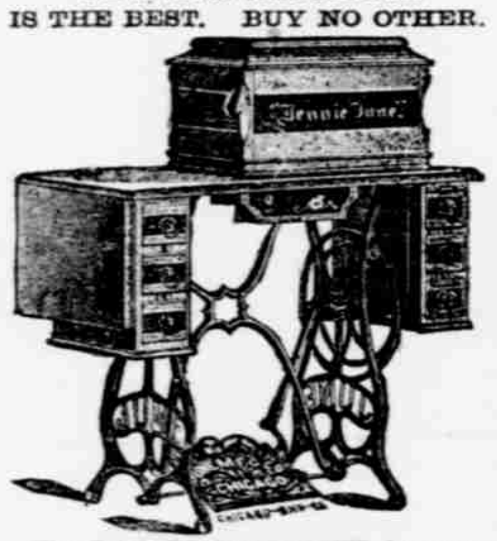

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Only a Woman After All.

I met her at a country place,
Where she was spending her vacation,
And much admired her form and face,
Likewise her sparkling conversation.
She was a Boston girl, but wore
No spectacles nor goggle glasses,
Though she of learning had a store
As rich as other Boston lasses.

The maiden was of beauty rare,
('Tis that, not learning, doth sway us.)
As Aphrodite she was fair,
Or Helen, spouse of Menelaus,
But colder than Diana fair,
Who made a stag of poor Actæus,
And distant as the farthest star,
That glitters in the empyrean.

I loved her, and I think she knew
That much from my admiring glances
For she, as we acquainted grew,
Somewhat unbent to my advances:
But when my love I would have told,
I felt a dread, a terror seize me;
I feared if I became so bold,
The maiden with a look would freeze me.

At length a firm resolve I made—
For I was bord'ring on distraction—
That the proposal, long delayed,
I'd make, whate'er might be her action.
That evening when alone I found her,
Before she my intent divined,
I boldly threw my arms around her.

I felt her tresses brush my face,
Their faint, sweet perfume thrill'd my senses
I clasped her in a fond embrace,
Regardless of the consequences;
I kissed her lips—oh honeyed bliss!
I gave her hand a thousand squeezes.
And all she said to me was this:
"John, are you sure that no one sees us?"

How California Was Acquired.

General Fremont, in an interview in the Boston *Herald*, tells this story of how California was prevented from becoming an English colony:

"It was away back, early in the '40s, that I considered that problem, and when the historian, General Bancroft, was Secretary of the Navy, I had frequent consultations with him and with Senator Benton, and it was understood that I was to prevent the English from anticipating us in securing that country. Off the coast of California the British fleet was closely watching our fleet, and in 1846, three years before the famous '49ers' possessed the land, I organized a band of picked hardy men, and soon weeded out every man who was not reliable. They would follow me anywhere. I moved down to Monterey and camped there. For a while I was tolerated, but soon, through British intrigue, the Government of Mexico ordered its military force to drive me out. I fortified, and not knowing the secret understanding with high officials at Washington, I was inclined to hold my ground; but they came on in such numbers and got me in such a hot place, that when the wind one day blew down the flag I said, 'Boys I guess you will accept this as an omen that we are to get out of this,' and so we retreated up toward the north. I was soon overtaken by a Government agent, and, encouraged by what he communicated, I instantly turned. Though hindered by some of the worst Indians on that coast, I hurried back, going right into the disputed territory. When I got down as far as Monterey, but away inland, I raised the American flag and took possession of California for the United States. Commander Sloat sailed into the port of Monterey, and hearing that I had planted the American flag near him, he raised it over Monterey, presuming that I had acted by express orders of the Government. Admiral Seymour, who came into Monterey, informed Sloat of the condition of things, and said to him that in three days the English would have had their flag over Monterey if they had not been anticipated. The Commodore, fearing censure, gave up his command on the coast; but the deed was done, and our hold on California became permanent.

Women's Flat Chests.

Every women will, of course, deny that she laces. A very eminent lady specialist of New York said, however, a few weeks since that you could not lay the weight of your finger on an exposed vein without limiting its natural flow of blood. She also said that she had not had a female patient for many months who had drawn a full breath, one which expanded her lungs to their full capacity for a year. The doctors and druggists could, if they chose, tell a story concerning American women which would to the intelligent ear be startling. They say that a perfectly sound girl of 20 is uncommon in society. The female aristocracy in one section of the land have decreed flat chests to be the proper thing, because many of them, through relaxed muscles and diminutive strength, were poverty-stricken in curving lines of beauty. They had a fine working majority with which to pass the fashionable law. Those flat chests were simply the result of a generation or so of dressing and living on the fashionable American plan.

Squirrels Feed on $5,000.

John O. Mahony, an eccentric farmer, died in the town of Morris about six weeks ago, aged sixty-five years, and delligent search failed to disclose the large sum of money he was supposed to have secreted in the house. Several persons were suspected of having taken the money, but no proofs could be obtained. A few days ago two men, James Wilson and Paul Nash, both of Morris, were out hunting, and shot at and wounded a large gray squirrel, which crawled into an old box that was perched between two branches of a tree high above the surrounding limbs. One of the men climbed into the tree, and, with considerable difficulty, reached the box. When he opened it he found the squirrel stretched out dead on a pile of chewed-up bank notes. Not a single bill had been left intact by the squirrels, and it is estimated that the sum contained in the box was at least $5,000. Several residents now remember having seen Mr. Mahoney going toward the tree on different occasions, and there is no doubt but that the money found was hidden by him.

The heat is bad enough, but both heat and lice together are very hard on both old and young poultry. Kerosene is very cheap.

FROM LIFE TO DEATH
is but a moment if rheumatism or neuralgia strikes the heart. These diseases are the most painful and the most dangerous of any to which human kind is liable. They fly from one part to another without a moment's warning, and liniments and other outward applications are in themselves dangerous because they are liable to drive the disease to some vital organ and cause instant death. Rheumatism and neuralgia are diseases of the blood, and can only be reached by a remedy which will drive from the blood the dangerous acids. Such a remedy is Athlophoros. It has been thoroughly tested and is a safe, sure cure.

Spruce Creek, Pa., Oct. 5, 1885.
In answer to your request to know what your Athlophoros has done for me, I will say it has done wonderful work. I have suffered from rheumatism for eighteen years more or less, and sometimes not able to put my clothes on or eat alone. I took all kinds, doctored with a good many doctors, but nothing did me any good. I was getting worse instead of better. I read your advertisement in the "Democrat" and "Sentinel" papers of Louistown. I have taken in all four bottles. I feel no pain. I was drawn crooked, but now I am straight once more. Thank you for the good it done me. Athlophoros is the medicine.
PHILIP HARPSTER.

Your medicine has cured me of neuralgia. I suffered with it for three days, and it gave me instant relief.
WM. F. KINCH.

Palmyra, N. Y., August 19th, 1886.
I used one bottle of Athlophoros for neuralgia after being laid up eight weeks. The result was very satisfactory.
R. S. EDDY.

Every druggist should keep Athlophoros and Athlophoros Pills, but where they cannot be bought of the druggist the Athlophoros Co., 112 Wall St., New York, will send either (carriage paid) on receipt of regular price, which is $1.00 per bottle for Athlophoros and 50c. for Pills.

For liver and kidney diseases, dyspepsia, indigestion, weakness, nervous debility, diseases of women, constipation, headache, impure blood, &c., Athlophoros Pills are unequaled.

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A beautiful Temperance Picture. [illegible] drink, wages of death, curse of drinking, [illegible] and effects of drinking, [illegible] AGENTS WANTED. [illegible] H. W. KELLEY, 711 Sansom St., Phila., Pa. Mention this paper.

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TUTT'S HAIR DYE.
GRAY HAIR or WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.
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No penitentiary work either made or sold at this establishment.
TIN ROOFING a SPECIALTY.
Give me a call and satisfy yourselves as to my work and prices. V. LUTTRINGER.
Ebensburg, April 13, 1883-tf.

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A. B. FARQUHAR, York, Pa.

How Music Boxes Are Made.

The principle of manufacture is simple. The different parts comprise a brass roller studded with fine points of the hardest steel, a steel comb, the teeth of which give the sounds, a spring to give the revolving motion to the cylinder and a fly wheel or fan to regulate the revolving motion. The music has first to be arranged by a thorough artist. The cylinder which comes from the machine shop is then placed in the hands of a woman, who with the aid of the music and a very ingenious machine, marks the places on the cylinder where the points are to be inserted. Another person drills all the little holes, and another inserts the points. The cylinder is then filed with molten cement and then placed on a lathe and revoled quickly. The cement adheres to the inside surface and thus holds the points. A hole is left in the center of the cylinder for the axis. The points are then filed down so as to be of equal length. The comb is turned by a tuner, who first files the teeth, without excessive care, to give them the proper flexibility, and then files them near the base to lower the tones and near the point to sharpen the tones. The operation of fastening the cylinder and comb to the bed plate requires much accuracy, so that the points of the cylinder and the comb will exactly meet. A woman following the music then bends the points on the cylinder slightly forward in order to secure more strength, but more especially to make the cords drop simultaneously and cause the runs or roulades to play evenly.

Size in music boxs increases both their volumes and their richness in tone. A cylinder ten inches long can be made to play six, eight, ten or twelve airs better and with more sweetness and harmony of sound than it can be made to play a greater number. The reason of this is that more points on the cylinder and more teeth in the comb can be used for each air if there are fewer airs. If the cylinder is increased in diameter the airs may be prolonged. A music box is like a watch. It will last a lifetime if it is good to begin with, and is treated well and with care. Most owners of music boxes object to using them except for company. The fact is, a music box should be used every day, just as a watch should be wound up every day.

Mastodons in Alaska.

The *Free Press*, a paper published at Juneau, Alaska, the latest issue of which reached San Francisco last week, makes the statement, gained from D. H. Summers, formetly of Denver, Col., but now mining in Alaska, that living mastodons are to be found in the mountains of that territory. Mr. Summers got the story from the Stick Indians of Alaska. An Indian who came across one of these supposed-to-be-extinct monsters, whose track was about the size of a barrel-head, did not stop very long in the giant brute's vicinity. The account says:

These Indians, as a rule, are the bravest hunters. With no other weapons than their spear they will attack and kill a grizzly, but the immense proportions of this new style of game both startled and filled the hunter, brave as he was, with great fear. He described it as being larger than Post Trader Harper's store, with shining yellowish tusks and a mouth large enough to swallow him at a single gulp. He said the animal was doubtless similar to those which furnished the immense bones scattered over that section. If such animals are now in existence, and Mr. Summers has no reason to doubt the veracity of the Indian, as other Indians and also Mr. Harper confirmed it, they inhabit a section very high in altitude but rarely visited by human beings. We also have no reason to doubt the Indian tale for at no distant period the Youkon country was inhabited by these animals, as hundreds of other massive skeletons strewn along the creeks are silent but truthful witnesses. On Forty Mile Creek bones can be found projecting partly from the sand and among the driftwood of the stream on the creek. Below this the skeletons are also quite numerous.

Coffee Consumption.

The Hollanders are the greatest coffee drinkers in the world, their annual consumption being about eighteen pounds per head of the whole population. Amsterdam has long been one of the great coffee marts of the world, and, being admitted free of duty, coffee is very cheap. Next come Belgium and Denmark, in which the consumption per capita is about half of that of Holland. Next come the United States, in which the consumption per capita in 1880 was eight and eight-tenths pounds. The present consumption of coffee in the United States may be stated at a little over one pound per week for each family in the nation. In the use of tea and coffee the people of England and the United States present a most remarkable contrast. The annual consumption of the people of England is just about a pound of coffee per head, or about one-eighth of that of the people of the United States. Comparing the consumption of tea with that of coffee, it will be found that, while the people of the United States use about five pounds of coffee to one of tea, the people of England use five pounds of tea to one of coffee.

There are fashions in coffee, as in almost everything. At Aden and Alexandria the Mocha coffee is carefully picked over and assorted, in compliance with the singular fashion in trade which creates a demand in Europe for the larger beans, while the United States will have none but the smaller ones. In point of fact, the larger beans are the best, being fully developed, more perfect in appearance and flavor.

Carrying Coals to Newcastle.

This is considered folly, but it is an astounding fact that Speer's Wines raised at Passaic, N. J., have acquired such a reputation for purity and excellence abroad, that they are shipped by steamers that leave New Yoyk for Europe. It is enjoying an enviable reputation at home and is used by the leading physicians in America, as well as in Europe.

MALARIA.
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MRS. MARY RAY, *Camden, Ala.*

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Like Singing, But—

Congregational singing may carry the appearance of brotherly love and sisterly regard (if there is such a thing), but it is sometimes far from entertaining to the person who takes no part in the performance. Recently, at a very fashionable place of religious worship, where many untrained and unmusical voices ran riot over persuasive tunes, a man who knew more about the grain market than of "buckwheat notes" lifted up his presumed voice to assist in the presentation of a hymn of long and hallowed standing. A modest but determined looking fellow who stood just in front of him turned around, touched the singer on the arm, and said:

"Do you live in this town?"

"Yes," the singer replied, after allowing his voice to fall to the floor.

"Are you a member of this congregation?"

"I am, sir."

"Is it not one of the aims of this church to treat strangers with marked courtesy?"

"It is."

"Well, then, will you please do me a favor?"

"Certainly, if it is in my power. What can I do for you?"

"Hush!"

"Hush!" the singer gasped.

"That's what I said."

"Is it possible, sir, that you don't want a man to sing?"

"Oh, I don't mind a man's singing; don't care how much he sings, but I don't want him to give himself up to such distressing noises as you've been making."

"My gracious alive! has it come to such a pass that a man can't sing in his own church!"

"It has come to such a pass that you can't sing in any church."

"You are insulting, sir."

"And you are tormenting."

"If you don't like my singing—"

"I tell you that I've got no objections to anybody's singing."

"Well, if you don't like me, you—"

"Got no objections to you at all."

By this time the hymn was finished and the congregation sat down, but pretty soon another hymn was announced.

The annoying singer again lifted his voice. The man in front of him turned and touched him on the arm.

"What do you want with me, sir."

"Want you to hush."

"I came here to sing, and—"

"Why don't you sing, then? Don't object to your singing, understand, but to tell you the truth, your voice carries me back to a time when I was very unhappy, a time when I raised hogs in the South, and, sir, since then whenever I hear anything that sounds like—"

"I won't worship in the same house with you, sir." "I will leave this place."

"Thank you," the stranger replied and smoothing out the unpleasant expression from his face, he sat down and gave himself up to the enjoyment of the sermon.

The Uncertainties of a Conductor's Life.

Railroads do not often reinstate a man after he has been bounced," said a veteran of the rail to me, as we were thundering along his road. "A passenger conductor is generally one who has been promoted from the brakes. Sometimes an engineer is made a conductor, but you will find these things an exception. Companies like to keep good engineers at the throttle. They had rather give them more pay than promote them. As a rule it is first a brakeman on a freight then to the same place on a passenger, then conductor on a freight, and by and by to the passenger train by mighty slow coaches. Many a passenger conductor has to work as "an extra" for two years or more before he gets a train of his own. And then, when the coveted place is in sight, he has a wreck, and if he hasn't a mighty good case and occasionally influence he gets bounced. Then he has to go to some other road and begin at the bottom. I know a man who has worked up in this way for ten years. The very first run he had with his regular train there was a smash-up, and after the investigation he was fired. He had saved up about $1,500. He took this mony and went on the Board of Trade and lost every dollar in less than a week. He went to railroading again, at the brakes on a freight, for another company, and has just been put on as conductor of a freight on a Western road that kills about six conductors every year. Barring the dangers of an engineer, his place is the best on the road. It is mighty seldom that an engineer, if he escapes, is held to account for an accident. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers is the strongest and staunchest organization on the face of the earth, and is the only one that a railroad directory is afraid of. But the place of conductor, especially passenger conductor, is the most ungrateful and uncertain that a man can hold.

Indian Corn.

Like many other members of the vast and valuable vegetable kingdom, Indian corn or maize has long attracted the attention of writers, and its origin has been the occasion of much discussion. It was long ago the custom of certain classes of authors to attribute almost every plant and animal to Eastern origin, probably on the theory that it was in that hemisphere the Garden of Eden was believed to have been placed, and many things, all the way from potatoes to turkeys, were traced across the sea. Alphonse de Candolle, the eminent botanist, thoroughly examined the subject thirty years ago, and states that "maize is of American origin, and was not introduced into the old world until after the discovery of the new." The early discovers found it in cultivation by the Indians of America all the way from New England to Chili. There are evidences that it was raised in South America long before the conquest of Peru, as varieties not at present cultivated in that country have been discovered there in tombs which antedate the Incas, just as grain has been found in Egypt stored with mummies 3000 years old, recently brought forth from their resting places.